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NOVEMBER 5, 1971

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— see page 1258

NATIONAL REVIEW

Edith Efron's Murderous Adding Machine

The Scientific Case Against The Networks

Author Shows Bias By Analyzing TV Treatment of Nixon-Humphrey Fight

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

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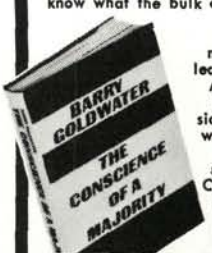

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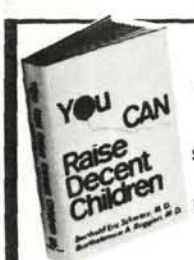

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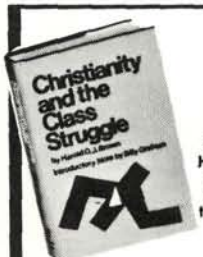

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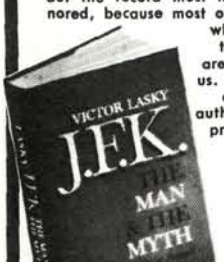

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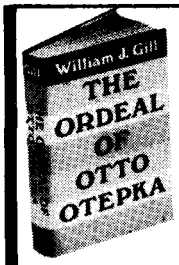

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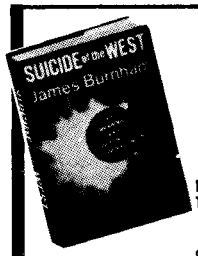

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In This Issue

we conclude **Ernest van den Haag**'s essay-report on the war crimes of which the United States is allegedly guilty. The reasoning is close; and, indeed, the verdict is closer than we thought it would be when vdH went out there, with eyes much wider than Mary McCarthy's. . . . **John Chamberlain** writes about Edith Efron's heuristic book, *The News Twisters,* the first scientific effort to assess the question of bias in the networks. Miss Efron is being given the treatment, and lots of fun is being made over her first sentence, in which she incorrectedly gave the day of the national election in 1968 ("The book's first sentence is factually incorrect. From there on it gets worse."—CBS.) But her stunning research isn't confutable, as John Chamberlain explains. We Wonder: Will Miss Efron bring out the tape recorders and get down the news broadcasts in October 1972? She and Theodore White may have something going here. . . . A letter from Philadelphia challenges the notion that Frank Rizzo is a troglodyte. Whatever he has been, he is pretty certain to be the next mayor of Philadelphia. It will be interesting to look back, say a decade hence, and to compare Philadelphia under Rizzo, with Cleveland under Stokes. . . . **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** has begun his annual tour, and was briefly in New York City. He will return to Austria in mid-February, having revisited Indochina for the fifth (tenth?) time. He travels, on his exhaustive journeys, third class. "Why do you do that?" he was once asked. He replied haughtiy: "Because there is no fourth class." . . . **John Coyne**, who reviews *The Beat Generation*, has begun his career as a journalism teacher. . . . **Michael Gazzaniga** finds B. F. Skinner technically incompetent!—surprising everybody, rather like finding a wheel imperfectly round. —ED.

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Too late to do any good, **Edmund Muskie** supported **Harold Hughes** for Chairman of Democratic National Convention Credentials Committee (regulars' choice, black lawyer **Patricia Harris**, won in a walk). Result: Party leadership, big labor madashell at Muskie, *but* Hughes lieutenants will launch a Citizens for Muskie Committee in Iowa. . . . Ace prognosticator **Kevin Phillips** says Muskie's "doomed" if **George Wallace** enters Florida primary, **William Proxmire** runs in Wisconsin. Without big wins in those two early races, he'll never make it. . . . Indiana millionaire **J. Irwin Miller** (he financed Rockefeller for President Committee in 1968) will help **John Lindsay** raise funds; says he can bring in at least $4 million. . . . **Paul McCloskey** says if he does "very poorly" in New Hampshire, he'll forget the whole thing. He's working hard; will spend 58 days there between now and March. . . . Longtime **Nixon** friend **Jack Shahane** rumored starting new afternoon daily paper for NYC; has already built paper mill in Newfoundland, says insiders' *Gallagher Report*. Paper, to bow by June 1972, would boost Nixon for re-election. . . . But will conservatives? Poll by **American Conservative Union** shows 58 per cent of its members want to see conservative opposition to Nixon in primaries; 29 per cent say they'll vote for him; 30 per cent won't and a whopping 41 per cent are "undecided." . . . At it again, Muskie's mother: "I can't see anything wrong with Nixon. I'm not sure I'd vote for Ed. If no one better is offered, I might vote for Ed but I really don't want to see him as President."

■ Around the Nation: Retirement of Idaho's conservative Republican Sen. **Len Jordan** could put a liberal in the Senate: Ex-Governor **Robert Smylie** likely to get seat, unless conservatives wise up and rally behind one of his three opponents (Rep. **James McClure**, ex-Rep. **George Hanse**, ex-Gov. **Don Samuelson**). . . . Former Rep. **Robert T. Stafford** (Vt.), appointed to fill Senate seat of late **Winston Prouty**, was once superhawk, now has ACU rating of 36 per cent. . . . Assuming ailing Sen. **Karl Mundt** (R., S.D.) doesn't run in '72, top contenders to succeed him are conservative **Robert Hirsch**, liberal (he backed **George McGovern** for the Senate in '68) **Thomas Reardon**.

Jon, *London Daily Mail* Ben Roth Agency

"The expelled Russian diplomats would like to fly home in the Concorde, sir."

■ Turns out CBS was offered the Pentagon Papers after *N.Y. Times* was enjoined (briefly) from publishing them. CBS News President **Dick Salant** turned the offerer down when paper-peddlers demanded they be aired right-away-or-else. . . . "Operation Breadbasket" *threatening to investigate* **Volkswagen** of America's hiring practices. . . . **Committee of Concerned Volunteers**, made up of far-left ex-Peace Corps-types, has disbanded, ceased publication of magazine *Two, Three . . . Many*. . . . Cute ploy: Rock group **The Beach Boys** demanding mobile voter registration booths at all their concerts; they claim they can spark one million new registrations.

■ That Persepolis 2,500th anniversary bash not much fun for **Spiro Agnew** and his staff. Reports Press Secretary **Victor Gold**: "The situation is so bad that when I want The Man I have to call the White House from Shiraz [35 miles away] and have them beam a message through to him from Washington. It's quicker that way." . . . Love affair between **Sweden** and Communist world continues unabated: When **Salvador Allende** seized **Ford** assembly plant in Chile, he asked **Volvo** to come in and operate it. . . . Postmaster General **Winton Blount** still blasting away at France for not controlling drug exports to U.S. But they take care of their own —Interior Minister **Raymond Marcellin** wants death penalty imposed on pushers if new laws (forty years in prison) don't prove effective. . . . **Romain Gary** and wife, actress **Jean Seberg**, suing *Newsweek* for 1 million francs, over story that cast doubt on paternity of child she was carrying (and later lost). . . . 2,716 refugees made it from **Red China** to **Hong Kong** so far this year, as against 1,674 in all of 1970. Puzzlement: Red border guards haven't been shooting at them lately.

■ Oops! Special commission named to reapportion Ohio state legislature (and chaired by Gov. **John J. Gilligan**) spent eight months doing so, then formally dissolved itself. *Then* somebody noticed they'd left out Guernsey County. Now nobody knows what to do.

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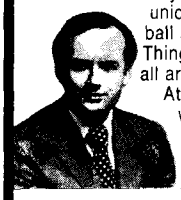

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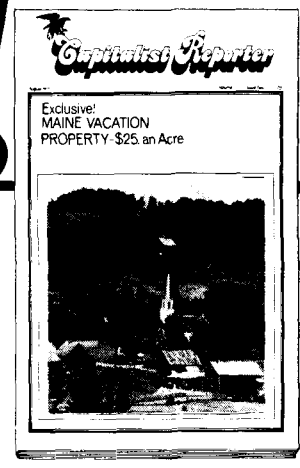
Chairman & Editorial Director



Land Grab

Canadian farm land near U.S. border $15/acre...rural U.S. property $25/acre...$10/acre on Portugese Riviera...Australian ranch land $5/acre...Caribbean property $100/acre. Why so cheap? We know *where* to look, *how* to buy. (Avoid land developers. Buy direct from a government...pick up tax-sale bargains, abandoned farms, timber land. Buy overseas: Land is still dirt-cheap, but is rising as *air fares drop* and more people travel farther afield.) **The Capitalist Reporter** spotlights choice areas...tells you who to see...how much to pay...what to look for & avoid...etc. Handle the preliminaries from home. **C/R EXCLUSIVE:** British Colonial Office will soon unload choice acreage on exquisite, little-known Caribbean island. Your price? Peanuts!

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Wall St.

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Invest *intelligently* in art, antiques, precious stones, etc. They keep rising in value through good times & bad, inflation & recession—sometimes by nearly 100% a year. You learn of prime areas of investment: e.g. galloping value of antique watches...undervalued historical autographs (George Washington handwriting about $200) ...coming boom in European arms & armor (an antique dagger about $12)...dazzling coin/stamp/rare book investments...precious stones at free market places...antique chamber pots (take a *close* look at your old soup tureen)...etc.

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Why do most businesses fold within a year or two? Mostly, a lack of know-how—tricks-of-the-trade you only gain from experience. If you dream of starting your own thing, **The Capitalist Reporter** can help: (1) We look for the ideas whose times have come. New concepts at the start of their climb. Business opportunities you can enter on the ground floor—often with under $2000 capital. (Usually, starting in your spare time—without giving up the security of your present job.) (2) We back up our information with actual case histories. From these people—who are actually making it—you learn the techniques & shortcuts that make the difference between success & failure. Profit from their experience!

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Something in every issue to make you a living legend within your own family, e.g. Suppose you crave a race horse. (Fool!) *How* do you buy...find the best prices? Picking a trainer? (How can *he* give *you* a memorable shafting?) Cost of maintaining your beast? Entering him in races? Stud fees? Sex handicaps? Race track shady practices? Suppose your hayburner develops arthritis. Then what??!! Also—Investing in Broadway shows; Hunting for Blackbeard's treasure; Buying your own authentic ghost town.

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Imagine you own stock in a company. And you learn that several of the officers & principals are selling off a substantial portion of their shares. Wouldn't you ask, "WHY?" Perhaps you, too, should jump clear—they might know something you don't. (It would be equally significant, naturally, if they are buying *into* the company.) **The Capitalist Reporter** brings you late news of key insider trading. Draw your own conclusions. Just remember: Watch what they do —not what they say.

Japan

New products, processes, rock-solid currency, galloping GNP—how can *you* profit from Japan's booming prosperity? Each month, **The Capitalist Reporter** examines our busy little friends across the ocean—*with information that makes you money:* Stock market news (how about playing the incredible Tokyo market?)...new product information (long before they appear in the U.S.)...and other invaluable Nipponalia. Most Americans are appallingly ignorant about Japanese business—and you can't make money from something you know little about. This information is worth money in the bank.

Nostalgia

American treasures are all around you—attic, church bazaar, house-wrecking yards, thrift shops, etc. Old bottles, obsolete fishing lures, pre-war comics, vintage railroad timetables, auto repair manuals, posters (war, movies, advertising), telephone insulators, stuffed birds, old children's books, etc. Their value? $5, $10, even $100 and more. Americana/memorabilia soars in value as much as 200% a year. We give authoritative, up-to-date information on hundreds upon *hundreds* of specifics to be found in every town in America: Where to look...what to pay...hot new items...how to *anticipate* future trends... names & addresses of people who buy *everything*, from old mousetraps to dirigibles to used electric chairs. We'll even show you how to conduct garage sales—make $200 to $300 a week in your spare time.

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LETTERS

Brookhiser and Nixon

Three cheers for Richard Brookhiser ["A Young Conservative Looks at Nixon and China," Sept. 24]! It seems almost unfair that anyone so young can write so beautifully and lucidly. I do quibble mildly with his definition of Romantic (there are Romantics and then there are Romantics: the lonely, proud Romantic hero—Byron's Manfred, for instance—who sees himself as infinitely superior to the common run of men, surely does not believe that "there is no man so far gone that he cannot be coaxed back, there is no nation so blind that it cannot see the light"). However, his historical parallels are apt (and almost Burnhamesque), and his psychological analysis is clear and intelligent, although one hopes, for the nation's sake, that it somewhat overstates Mr. Nixon's "breathless vision."

Boston, Mass. MARGARET SCHLEGEL

Richard Brookhiser's article, in addition to displaying some dazzling prose, is the latest piece of evidence of a disturbing atavistic streak in the New Right which runs deep and wide. The stock epithets are typical: "peacemaker" (a pejorative?), "Wilson," "Chamberlain"—the damning characterizations of the President since the announcement of his visit to Peking have been relentless.

But Richard Nixon is not a "Wilson." He is not a "Chamberlain." And the thesis that on top of everything else he is a Romantic is irrelevant. Bill Rusher is a Romantic. So what? We are all still Romantics, and it should not be a term of abuse.

Richard Nixon is still "Tricky Dick"; still Richard Nixon, "politician, pragmatist, manipulator . . ."; still the young congressman who took on nearly single-handedly Alger Hiss; still the only slightly older Veep who made the kitchen hot enough for Khrushchev to leave; still, in short, "one of us."

The unwillingness by most conservatives to acknowledge the possible advantages for the United States of this trip, does not change the fact that there are many such advantages. Whatever the trip to China is, it is *not* a "journey for peace." It is a carefully planned diplomatic maneuver (about time!). And the fact that it is Richard Nixon who is crossing the Pacific, and not, say, George McGovern, is an historical accident that should give conservatives comfort—and second thoughts about demanding essences instead of approximations for 1972.

Washington, D.C. ROGER N. LEVY

The Irish Question

In the course of his analysis of the violence in Ireland, Anthony Lejeune correctly points out that religion is but one aspect of a larger clash of cultural values ["Vietnam on the Irish Sea," Oct. 8]. Otherwise, however, his essay is of questionable worth. He fails to perceive the moral imperative underlying the assertion by Irish nationalists of their country's right to reunification. It is their common desire for a free and undivided nation which sustains the physical-force tradition in Ireland. Ideology and economic theories are of peripheral significance.

Lejeune's lack of understanding of the Irish question is most obvious in his suggestion that reunification would only substitute one discontented minority for another. It would, indeed, do that; but much more importantly, it would end a long-standing, continuously oppressive and frequently brutal occupation by one nation of another. British jurisdiction obtains today in Ireland only because of Britain's greater military strength; which is to say, for essentially the same reason that Soviet jurisdiction obtains in Hungary. Were Hungary to gain its independence tomorrow, this might indeed pose some serious adjustment problems for the Soviet colonial garrison in Budapest; but this is scarcely an adequate moral basis for the Russian presence.

Equally disturbing is Lejeune's puzzling assertion that a "new political system in Northern Ireland would, in effect, negate majoritarian democracy." In the first instance, nationalists are a majority within two of the six counties which the treaty carved out of Ulster Province (as well as in the other three counties which became part of the Free State). More importantly, however, Stormont from its inception has systematically gerrymandered local government so as by law to ensure a constant Unionist majority; nationalists have been deliberately denied equal employment and housing, and thereby forced to emigrate. While this may come as a surprise to Lejeune, courts of equity have long had the power to right past wrongs by viewing things not as they are but as they ought to be. Hence there is nothing quite that extraordinary in the suggestion that nationalists now ought to be granted a degree of representation which would, to some extent, remedy these past wrongs. In actual fact the only remedy which would be truly adequate would be to recognize the historical fact that Ireland is, and of right ought to be, a single, unified nation.

Buffalo Grove, Ill. THOMAS F. MAHONEY

Anthony Lejeune's article is a calm, well-balanced look at the Irish situation, which, tragically, seems to have no real solution. As Mr. Lejeune says, a united Ireland "would only mean that, instead of bitter Catholic discontent in Ulster, there would be bitter Protestant discontent in Eire." The questions he poses must be faced head-on by anyone who advocates removing Ulster from the United Kingdom: *Can* violence be allowed to "pay"? *Are* the leaders of the "civil-rights" movement so radical that their victory would turn Ireland into not only a socialist, but a Communist, state?

Philadelphia, Pa. VINCENT MACMASTER

I charge that the title of Anthony Lejeune's article "Vietnam on the Irish Sea" was more than a metaphor; it was a fraud. He presumes too much on the ignorance of American readers. Unlike Vietnam, there *was* held, under British auspices, a countrywide, north-south election, which determined the will of the Irish majority. It was the last all-Ireland general parliamentary election ever held (1918) and the Sinn Féin (Ourselves Alone) candidates won 73 out of 105 seats. The meaning was clear to the British at the time and the answer they gave Ireland then was an army of occupation. *This is Vietnam the other way around.* When military occupation seemed to be failing, an unnatural line was drawn through Ireland's nine-county province of Ulster cordoning off six of these counties—just enough territory to give a majority to those within it who favored union with Britain. *This is "majoritarian democracy" the other way around.*

REAMONN O CLEIRIGH

East Northport, N.Y.

There are some serious problems with Anthony Lejeune's "Vietnam on the Irish Sea." First, instead of comparing Northern Ireland to Vietnam, Algeria and Cuba, a more proper analogy would be to the establishment and dissolution of British imperialism in such places as the American colonies, India, Palestine etc.

Second, the author attempts to discredit opposition to the Northern Ireland government by stressing the least substantial and most superficial elements of an intricate situation. To wit:

1) The presence of an undeniable Communist and socialist strain in some of the opposition forces. Now, is there anyone who seriously believes that the people of Ireland would allow the establishment of "a united socialist Ireland, a European Cuba"?

2) The Belfast government moved swiftly to alleviate legitimate civil-rights grievances. Please, it does not take a mental giant to recognize political tokenism.

3) The intellectual Left and liberal civil rightists in Britain have given support and comfort to the activists. This does not detract from the legitimacy of the opposition

(Continues on page 1254)

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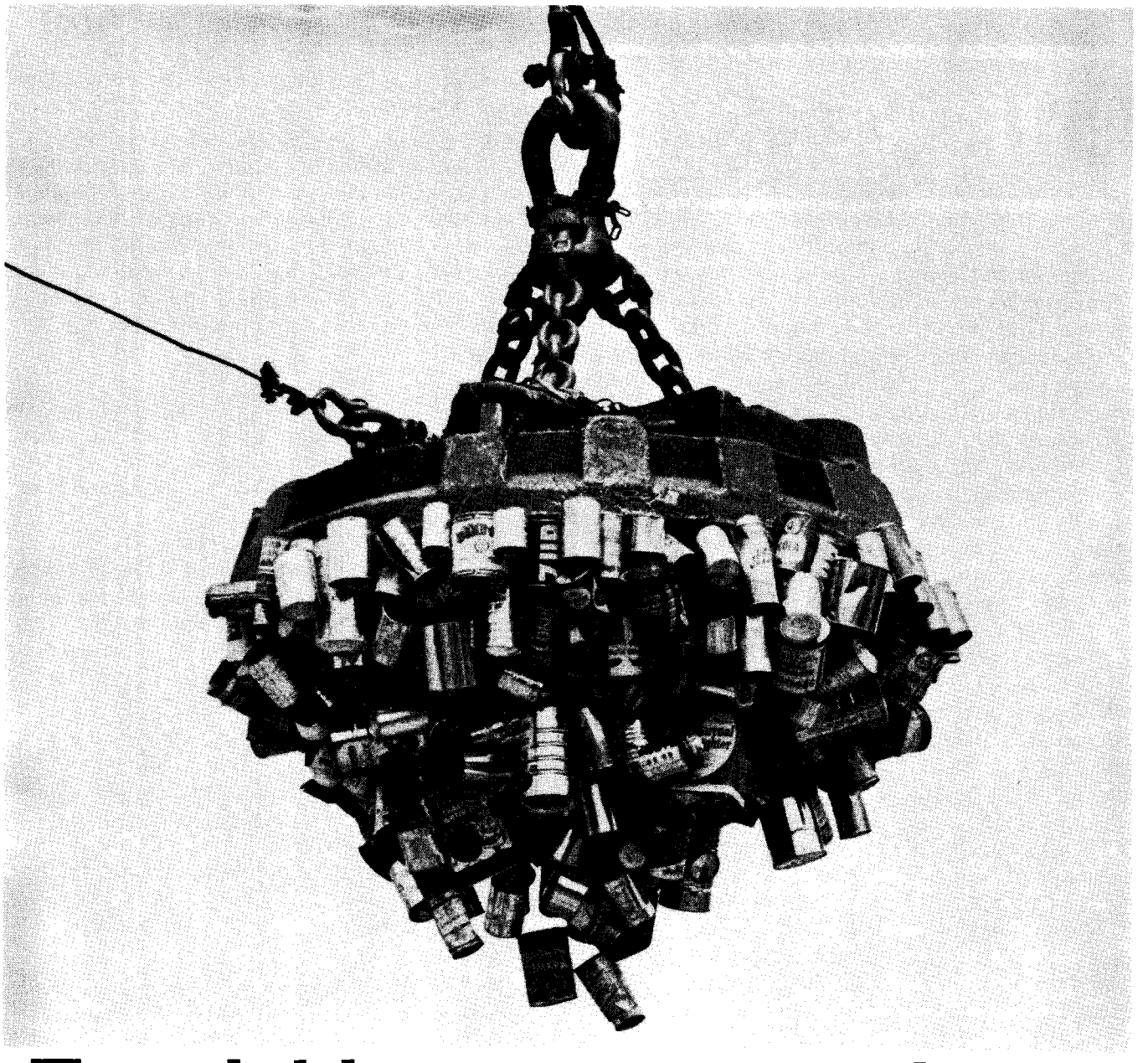

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THE WEEK

■ When a young man with a good memory shouted "Long live free Hungary" and jumped Premier Aleksei Kosygin from behind as the Soviet visitor strolled about with his host, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, Mr. Kosygin emerged with rumpled jacket and unruffled composure. Not so Mr. Trudeau. A "very humiliating event for Canadians," said the Prime Minister, who thereupon dispatched 250 policemen to protect the Soviet embassy from the fifty rabbis keeping vigil there, in silent protest against the harassment of Soviet Jews. How refreshing if Mr. Trudeau, so famous for his spontaneity and candor, had said: "I quite agree with the Hungarian's resentment, but we shouldn't use violence against Kosygin, not even to make him feel at home."

■ A government handout glows that the Cost of Living Council has so far answered "750,000 questions" about President Nixon's wage-price freeze. The Society for the Obliteration of Bureaucracy, however, deduces that 749,999 of the requests were identical: "Who the hell does he think he *is*, anyway?"

■ Candidate John Lindsay moving sharply to the right: Once he called draft resisters who fled to Canada "the guys who are heroic"; now he won't join George McGovern in urging amnesty for them—because, paraphrases the *L.A. Times*, "many young men who did not approve of the war answered the draft call anyway, and some who opposed the draft and the war went to prison for their views." Score: Homoousians 0, Homoiousians 0.

■ The House of Representatives approved the women's rights constitutional amendment after a motion to exempt women from the military draft and to let stand those laws that seek to protect the health and safety of women workers was defeated by a staggering 265 to 87. The ladies turned deaf ears to the Department of Defense's plea that it would be "impossible for the military to operate" if the amendment were adopted. As to the safety provisions, grouched New York's Bella Abzug, what the hell, women have been permitted to scrub floors in office buildings at night "while our protectors are asleep." But the amendment's fate in the Senate is uncertain. Though amended versions have been passed three times, the senators have never come up with a form the feminists would accept. Meanwhile, the Senate was voting (84 to 0) to make it harder to amend the Constitution via national convention.

■ The word is that the riots, whether by ghetto residents or by students, are protests against grave social afflictions. Last week there was another riot, at which buses were overturned, store windows smashed, one woman allegedly raped. The cause of it was the victory of the Pittsburgh Pirates over the Baltimore Orioles, and moreover the riot wasn't in Baltimore, in order to express frustration and rage, but in Pittsburgh, in order to express the general elation. Draw your own conclusions. And remember Herbert Agar's isolation of what he called in a famous book, one generation ago, "the anarchic passion to smash." Riots are not necessarily for more bread or more justice. They are forms of expression. They can become a lifestyle.

■ There ought to be a law. It should only be allowed every four years, but there's just no quashing the Democratic Party's penchant for airing dirty linen. The trouble this time, the acrimonious race for Credentials Committee Chairman between Mrs. Patricia Roberts Harris (for Harris, read Hubert Humphrey, Larry O'Brien and Up the Organization) and Senator Harold Hughes, endorsed by Senator Harold Hughes, *all* the Democratic Presidential Hopefuls, and most especially Senator Edmund Muskie. The fight was further complicated by the fact that though Hughes had labor support, Mrs. Harris had Larry O'Brien who has Al Barkan (AFL-CIO's chief political operative). And though Mrs. Harris is black and female and qualified, Senator Hughes had the endorsement of Rep. Shirley Chisolm, who is black and female and noisy. Mrs. Harris won by a vote of 72 to 31 and exhorted everyone to forgive and forget. Senator Muskie seconded the motion. The purists are furious and we could have a rerun of Chicago '68 as various racist, fascist and imperialist delegations are seated.

■ In its cover story on Attica (Sept. 27), *Time* Magazine said, of the prisoners, "They passed around clandestine writings of their own; among them was a poem written by an unknown prisoner, crude but touching in its would-be heroic style." *Time* gives the first stanza: "If we must die—let it not be like hogs, hunted and penned in an unglorious spot, while round us, bark the mad and hungry dogs, making their mock at our accursed lot." As a reader has pointed out to us, except for the addition of one dash and two commas, and the changing of "inglorious" to "unglorious," this is, verbatim, the first stanza of the most widely anthologized poem by one of the foremost twentieth-century black poets, Claude McKay.

■ As we predicted when the Conservative Party of Massachusetts was formed last spring, the party has decided to field a candidate against Edward Brooke in 1972. It has not yet announced who the candidate will be. Party Chairman John McCarthy has said definitely that he will not run himself, because of the vilification he suffered when he ran against Josiah Spaulding in the Republican senatorial primary last year. The Massachusetts Republican Establishment is liberal, and Governor

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Preparations for President Nixon's 1972 campaign are speeding up, causing renewed speculation as to when Attorney General John Mitchell will leave Justice to become the full-time campaign chief, and who will replace him.

A leading possibility is Deputy Attorney General Richard Kleindienst, but his nomination could lead to a tough and bitter Senate confirmation fight. The same liberals who beat down the Haynsworth and Carswell nominations could wage an embarrassing attack on Nixon law-and-order policies just as the Presidential campaign begins to heat up. For this reason, some observers speculate that Mitchell may stay on as Attorney General well into the campaign and that, upon his departure, Kleindienst will simply be named Acting Attorney General—without the necessity of Senate confirmation.

However, according to sources close to the campaign operation, Mitchell's presence there is needed as soon as possible and a long delay could seriously jeopardize it. If Mitchell makes his move in January, as scheduled, and the Administration opts to pass over Kleindienst, there are a number of other candidates, including John Ehrlichman, head of the Domestic Affairs Council. Ehrlichman is said to have found the Council too limited in staff resources and would be interested in moving into a Cabinet position where he could exercise greater power.

Another contender is Clark MacGregor, Nixon's chief of congressional liaison. The former Minnesota congressman, who resigned at the President's urging to run for Eugene McCarthy's Senate seat, is well liked on Capitol Hill and would be confirmed without much of a fight.

Recently added to the list is Virginia Congressman Richard Poff. Sources indicate that he could win Senate approval for the Justice post with little difficulty. A term as Attorney General would provide direct practical legal experience, thereby removing one point of objection to his subsequent appointment to the Supreme Court.

■ Congress keeps backtracking on the school busing issue. Among recent developments: Democratic State Senator John Bowman of suburban Detroit has written certain congressmen advising them of his efforts in the Michigan legislature for a constitutional amendment prohibiting busing. He is looking for like-minded legislators in other states to launch similar efforts.

At about the same time, Senator Walter Mondale, Chairman of the Senate Select Committee on Equal Educational Opportunity, was postponing two weeks of hearings scheduled in Lansing and Detroit. The Michigan hearings had been described as the Committee's "big field trip," and they were to have been accompanied by the same push for headlines that has characterized most of the Committee's activities during its year and a half of existence.

Congressional aides speculate that the postponement (they will be held in Washington) resulted from a request to Mondale from his fellow Democrat, Michigan's Philip Hart, who has begun to feel the heat on busing from his constitutents. Hart's Republican colleague, Robert Griffin, has been preparing a resolution for an antibusing amendment.

Mondale, according to a reliable report, has decided not to seek an extension of his Select Committee when it lapses next February.

—CATO

Sargent a pillar of weakness on most important issues. Still, Ed Brooke is far from being another Charles Goodell, and, therefore, kamikaze attacks by conservative Republicans would not seem to be called for.

■ John Lindsay, off and stumping, spent the weekend in Indiana—Old Politics country, warned a memo prepared by some Bright Young Idealists on his New York staff. Of the Indiana Democratic Party controlled by State chairman Gordon St. Angelo, the memo said: "Indiana's patronage society is in an excellent state of preservation. It is machine politics with a vengeance." And so Lindsay blasted the machine-master, saying: "Gordon St. Angelo is a distinguished State Chairman . . . a compassionate human being . . . he knows that there is a critical need for change . . . he is generous, kind and thoughtful . . . he has a deep sense of what's right. . . ." Turning to the Indiana city of East Chicago, the memo laid it on the line: "Its politics is organization-dominated and controlled. . . . The city is run by a more-Daley-than-Daley machine . . . departments are overstaffed due to the number of patronage jobs given out by the Democratic candidate's campaign." Picking the cue right up, Lindsay said in East Chicago: "Your distinguished Mayor John Nicosia and I have fought the urban battle together. I know of the Mayor's concern for people. I also know that Bob Pastrick [Nicosia's anointed successor] shares my concern. I wish him well." He's learning, he's learning.

■ So H. Rap Brown is in the hospital, shot by police in a holdup attempt. Or *is* it Brown? His lawyer, William Kunstler, won't say for sure. Given a peek at Mr. X through a door-slit, he said it didn't *look* like Brown; later he said what the injured man had allegedly done didn't *sound* like Brown: He'd held up 25 patrons, all black, in a Harlem tavern; he or one of his three accomplices called the victims "brothers" while robbing them. Now, a man dedicated to Black Freedom wouldn't stick up his own brothers, would he? (Black Panther Richard Moore did it, in another bar, just this past June.) Anyhow, the police took fingerprints, and they're sure it's Brown. We await the international campaign to "Free Rap Brown, Whoever He Is."

■ Wishful Thinking Department: Diplomats, editors and foreign correspondents in Brussels received elegant invitations bearing the name of the Soviet ambassador. Engraved on copper plate on handmade paper, the invitation was to a reception for August 20, "on the occasion of the third anniversary of the liberation of Czechoslovakia." The reception, the invitation noted, would be "followed by a discussion on the possible liberation of Poland." Pity, the Soviet protocol official stonily informed callers; the invitations were somebody else's idea

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of a joke. (The occupation of Poland and Czechoslovakia, we presume, are the Soviets' idea of a joke.)

■ "He's . . . he's . . . *exemplary*," twittered a British visitor, about "artist" Tosun Bayrak's new Happening in his Lower Manhattan loft, in which seriatim: 1) a nude flutist played the national anthem (everybody joined in), 2) a motorcycle was revved up in the stairwell, 3) human bones were roasted in a barbecue pit, 4) Bayrak took an axe and plunged it into 4a) a wall, out of which gushed fresh blood, 4b) the ceiling, whence cascaded bloody entrails, 4c) a pillar, which yielded the corpse of a lamb which two nude men began to hack to pieces while 5a) a portrait of Madame Nhu was drenched in blood and 5b) two bloodstained pigeons were released to flutter around, whereupon 6) the performance was halted by 6a) the cops, 6b) the landlady and 6c) a man from the ASPCA, which as everyone knows stands for American Society for the Prevention of Cultural Activity.

THE EXTENUATORS
"DIGGERS" OF PANTHERS, JACKALS AND HYENAS
THE
THE CREEP HEAP
AS VOLTAIRE AND ACTON WOULD LIKE TO HAVE SAID: THE POWER STRUCTURE CORRUPTS, THEREFORE YOU MUST DEFEND TO THE DEATH OUR RIGHT TO BE ROTTEN!
THE "UNDERSTANDERS"
RATIONALIZERS OF THE WEED AND THE WORD WEASELS
POLITICAL PIROUETTISTS AND VOTEPIMPS
PUSHERS OF PLUSH PRISONS FOR KILLERS AND WRECKERS
THE NEITHER-NORS, THE MUDDIES, THE GAYS, GRAYS AND UNALIGNED
THE SCREAMERS, INVECTIVISTS AND FOUR-LETTERISTS
THE EAR-AVERTERS
THE PER-MITTERS
JOCULAR DEGENERATES AND THE CHORTLING MEDIA
THE ACQUITTORS, MITIGATORS, PAROLERS AND BENCH FREAK-OUTS

(Note: Herblock's father, MIRV, who frequently models for his son's more scary exhibits, escaped last week and sought refuge with NATIONAL REVIEW where he agreed to do some moonlighting (see above). Says he needs the money—J.K.)

■ Three persons accused of mailing human excrement, "a vile and filthy substance," today stood acquitted by a federal judge who relied on an art critic's expert view that such an act was conceptual art.—*San Francisco Examiner*, Oct. 13, 1971.

Summitry

Running for the Presidency with the aid of spectacular trips abroad is by no means an original idea. In 1960, Ike had an invitation to visit Moscow which surely would have aided the Republican ticket, but Richard Nixon, then in his first try for the Presidency, saw the whole notion crash with the U-2. John F. Kennedy was all set to go to Moscow, just by coincidence, in the year 1964. And in the summer of 1968, LBJ was packed and ready to go all the way to Moscow for Humphrey and for History when the Czech invasion scrubbed the idea. But of all American politicians, Richard Nixon has been the master-craftsman of global campaigning.

Sometimes it almost seems that he has spent more time out of the U.S. than in it. From the streets of Caracas to the Kitchen in Sokolniki Park, to extended sojourns including the Berlin Wall after his 1962 defeat, Nixon has orchestrated these trips abroad. In 1966, at a key stage of his pursuit of a second Presidential nomination, he took six months off and logged a highly visible 150,000 miles: London, Paris, Bonn, Rome (Sarragat, Moro *and* Pope Paul), Bucharest, Moscow (where he was snubbed), Morocco, Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, and on to Saigon, where he and Henry Cabot Lodge "did not talk politics." In 1970, at the height of the election campaign, there was Nixon off to the Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean—the Jordanian crisis—but also stopping off to visit ancestral locations in Ireland. And now, in 1972, it is to be the biggest trip of all: Peking, Moscow and, quite probably, Tokyo—where even Ike did not dare to tread. *Of course* U.S.-Japanese relations need some attention—but, also, think of the votes that will be gained for Nixon by the wild Zengakuren demonstrations that are sure to erupt, campus demonstrations to top all campus demonstrations. Perish the thought that the Summitry has anything to do with the U.S. election. Still, when the news of the planned Moscow visit broke amid a gathering of the Democratic National Committee at Washington's Mayflower Hotel last week, one prominent Democrat cried out in pain: "He's killing us." Even so.

What, however, is the diplomatic substance? Surpris-

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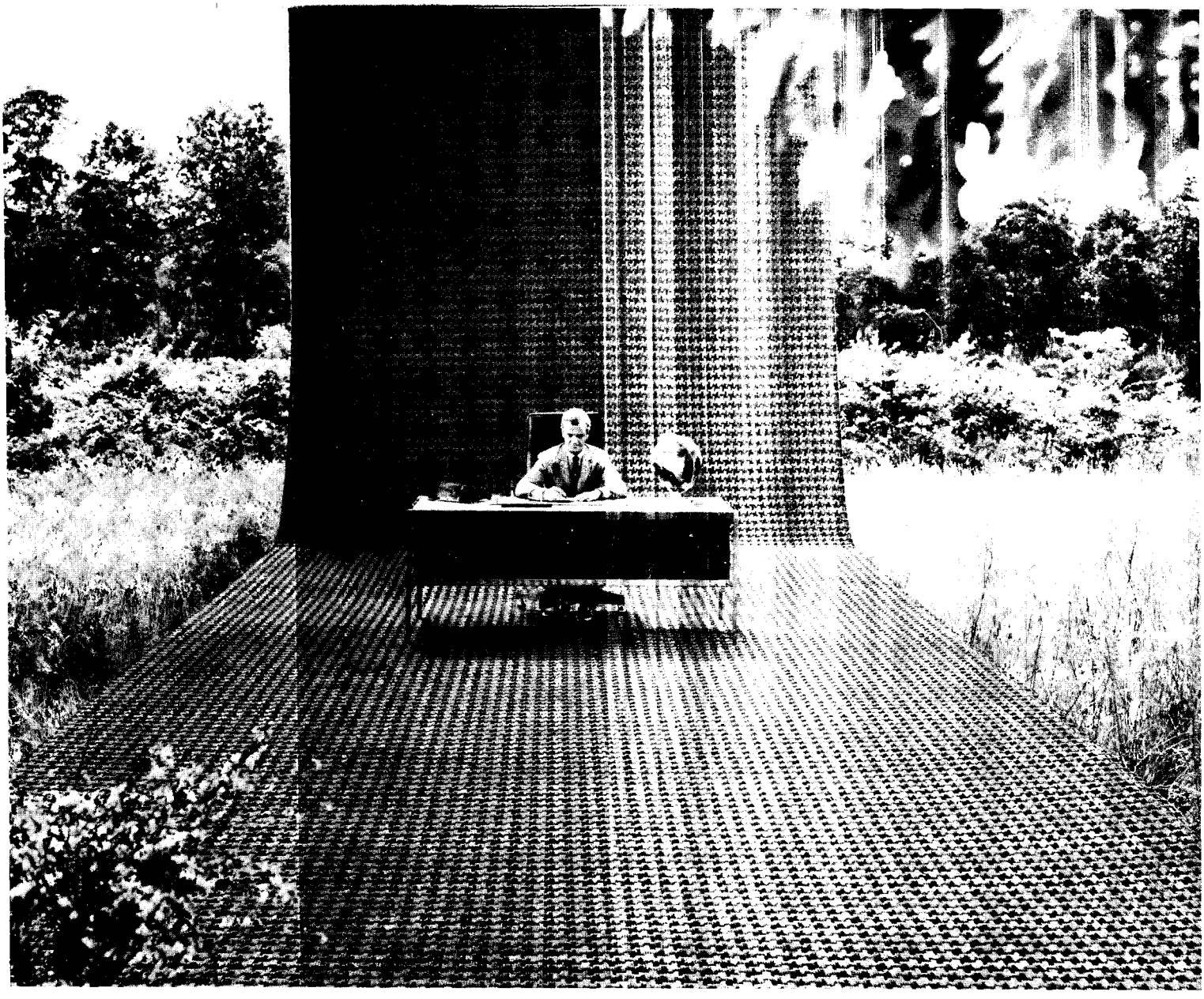

Milliken introduces the ecological carpet...

specifically designed for the modern businessman's environment.

The pattern is Executive Park. Contemporary version of a Bond Street tailor's houndstooth. Rich, thick, impressive underfoot.

Milliken research developed this carpet to thrive in *any* environment, indoors or out. It won't fade in sunlight, won't wilt in rain (in case your office has a terrace). It's resilient, fire-retardant.

Every Milliken product—for home furnishings, fashion and industry—is the result of meticulous research. Understandably, since Milliken has the world's largest textile research and development organization.

If it's in the future of textiles, chances are it will come from Milliken.

Over 500 patents attest to the productivity of research conducted here at the Deering Milliken Research Center, Spartanburg, S.C.

MILLIKEN

Consumer Products Division, LaGrange, Ga.

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ingly, it may not be negligible. Though Nixon denied straight-facedly that the trip "is being taken for the purpose of exploiting what differences may exist" between Russia and China, those differences remain an objective fact of international relations, and Nixon's Summitry, whatever its subjective intentions, does in fact exploit them. At the present juncture, both Peking and Moscow clearly regard a Sino-Soviet war as a greater probability than war between either country and the U.S. Given this calculation, improved relations with the U.S. may well be regarded by both Moscow and Peking as worth—however temporarily—some accommodation with Nixon.

The fundamental issues are another matter. There remains the large, crude fact of Soviet hardware, the escalating Soviet naval and missile capacity. Nothing has happened that gives any grounds for assurance there. Richard Nixon, judging him by his record, does not entertain illusions about the Communist leadership. He should be presumed incapable of a Yalta or a Potsdam. Nevertheless the danger remains that he will be politically trapped by his own rhetoric regarding negotiation and his own promises about a "generation of peace," and so be unable to alert the nation to its real strategic danger. The fundamental question, which will remain after all the toasts have been drunk and forgotten, concerns America's strategic power as part of the global equation. And, in 1972, the geographical symbolism of President Nixon's going first to Peking and then to Moscow, *he* going *there*, provides plenty of matter for ominous reflection.

Now That He Is Not Running for President, Will Birch Bayh Please Shut Up?

The battle over the Supreme Court continues, much of it along predictable lines, and the sense of déjà vu is strong. President Nixon sends out a list of people who have omitted to file their *Who's Who* statements; the *New York Times* searches for the names in its Advance Obituary file and, not finding them, pronounces the individuals "undistinguished"; and Joseph L. Rauh and others who should know better continue to believe that any man who held or holds the position that the civil-rights bills are bad law is a racist, which means, for example, that Dwight Eisenhower was a racist.

In many cases, to say that so-and-so is not prominent is simply to say that he is not a liberal. Liberalism has been in power for several decades, dominating government, the academy and, more recently, the professions. Because it is unlikely that Nixon will nominate a liberal, it is unlikely that Nixon's nominee will be, as the term is used polemically, prominent (though Mr. Nixon would hardly appear to have exerted himself). And then the liberal position, which regards opposing views as inherently evil, insures that people with conservative records will be branded as racists, regressive types, and so on, character assassination being perfectly all right when practiced for the proper ideological reasons. Which, of course, is why the President will have difficulty getting the man of his choice past the verbal barrage of the media, and past the Senate, which tends to lag behind the political mood of the country.

But Nixon knows a thing or two. The thought of Senator Byrd as a nominee put a double scare into the liberals, the second being the very real possibility that his nomination might be approved. Senator Mansfield got what some people thought was the point and publicly regretted having voted against Clement Haynsworth—an eminently qualified nominee the rejection of whom was a fiasco unworthy of even the present U.S. Senate. (And parenthetically: If the six names suggested by Nixon are, as Teddy Kennedy insists, an insult to the Court, what are we to say of at least six of those Democrats now seeking the Presidency?) Who knows, the President may yet succeed in getting what he wants and what the country needs.

Taiwan: the Crunch

The UN voting on, essentially, the expulsion of the Republic of China from the General Assembly will presumably be taking place as this issue of *NR* is in the mails. A few points, therefore:

The public and publicized agonizings of Secretary Rogers and Ambassador Bush are not appetizing. We do not need photographs of the Secretary greeting the delegate from Upper Volta, and we do not need the numerous accounts of the Ambassador's feverish lobbying. All of this suggests a desire to be seen to be protecting the interests of an ally. But the results are what matter, not the appearances.

A narrow defeat on the crucial vote, if it occurs, will be utterly revealing as regards the intentions of the Administration. Unbelievably, last week, the following six votes were being listed in the "swing" category: Turkey, Greece, Iran, Israel, Panama and Mexico. Where five of those countries are concerned, a word to the wise ought to be good enough. Who wants Phantom Jets, anyway,

Consternation

She isn't Grendel's dam
  Or Frankenstein's creation.
She's not a big I Am.
  She's loyal to the nation.
She loved to veto Earl
  Because she found him silly.
She's just my kind of girl.
  She's Justice Mildred Lillie.

W. H. von Dreele

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and who wants Canal discussions, and who wants economic and military subsidies? The votes are there if they are demanded.

Except for Panama and Mexico, all of the above "swing" votes would either be annihilated or satellitized if it were not for U.S. protection. They and the Republic of China have much in common.

Both Peking and Taipei have ruled for 25 years—longer, by the way, than most of the regimes that will be voting on this issue. The argument that Taiwan is a part of China is purely sophistical. They do not use the same postage stamps. Culturally and historically the local Taiwanese are as much Japanese as Chinese. At present, the Nationalist Chinese comprise a political and economic elite. The one-China ploy is, at the present juncture, objectively pro-Peking.

It is an analytical error to suppose that if Taipei is not expelled this year it is certain to be next year. The energy behind the drive to expel comes in large part from a widespread desire to seat Peking, and the belief that Peking will balk if Taipei remains in the General Assembly. Added to all this is the atmosphere of euphoria surrounding Nixon's Peking visit. A year from now all this will have much cooled. If Peking is seated with expulsion, the storm will be over. If Peking is invited to join, but says no on the grounds of Taipei's presence, then, in 1972, Peking's position should be much weaker politically. Peking will have made a highly visible refusal.

No doubt a number of nations fear unspecified reprisals by Peking in the absence of a "correct" vote. Nevertheless, the possible reprisals being in direct proportion to economic and political clout, President Nixon surely possesses the bigger battalions—if he has the will to use them.

Agnew in Greece

If it is okay for Nixon to visit Peking and Moscow, not to mention Bucharest, why isn't it also okay for Agnew to drop in on Papadopoulos in Athens, with a side trip to Gargalianoi, the birthplace of one Theofrastos Spiro Anagnostopoulos, who emigrated to the U.S. at the turn of the century? All this is definitely not okay, at least as far as Agnew's liberal admirers are concerned, the operative principles, however, temporarily escaping us.

Anyhow, *Realpolitik*, as Thucydides might have said, is at least a welcome relief from hypocrisy, and the White House has plainly decided that it is necessary for the U.S. to deal with authoritarian regimes of all kinds, left, right and what-have-you, when so to deal is in the national interest. Agnew pointedly refused to interfere with the supposed "timetable" of the Papadopoulos regime for returning to parliamentary government: "I don't think it is fair to say that this Administration is hostile to the timetable that the Greek government is on," he said. "Again, it's not up to us to impose on another government attitudes as to whatever schedule they should adopt." This said, he could turn to the serious business of shoring up relations with Greece, site of our last naval installations in the eastern Mediterranean. (See James Burnham's "Letter from Greece," *NR*, Oct. 22.)

Learn Now, Pay If You Feel like It

There's bad news for proponents of learn-now-pay-later tuition plans in the October 23 *National Observer*. The Federal Government (which guarantees most student loans) insists that only about 1 per cent of the loans are not repaid, but the *Observer*'s data indicate that the default rate is actually much closer to 10 per cent (compared with about .25 to .50 per cent for commercial consumer loans).

There are several deferred-tuition plans in operation: low-interest loans given by banks and colleges, and guaranteed by a non-profit organization such as the United Student Aid Fund (USAF); low-interest loans given by banks and guaranteed by the Federal Government; not-so-low-interest loans given by banks and guaranteed by the Federal Government. Of these, the loans guaranteed by the government seem to have the highest default rate: partly, the *Observer*'s information suggests, because the students decide the government doesn't really need the money, partly because the government doesn't work as hard as a private lending institution to collect its money.

Despite the government's assertions that 99 per cent of the students are paying back their loans, the fact is that some of the government programs are so new that no one really knows yet how many students are going to default. For example, since payments start one year after the student graduates or drops out, debts incurred in 1966, when the Guaranteed Student Loan Program began, are only now falling due, and therefore there is not yet a large enough sampling to give accurate figures. Further-

Two If by Sea

The Russians have more submarines.
They're mobilizing all their means
To manufacture ten a year.
Jane's Fighting Ships has made this clear.
The Russians have a youthful fleet.
Their surface vessels come replete
With missiles homing ship-to-ship.
(Thank *Jane's* for this depressing tip.)
We know our Navy's growing old.
We have the facts: We have been *told.*
So why enlist a Paul Revere
For people marching to the rear?

W. H. von DREELE

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more, bill collectors are making allowances for the current state of the job market. That is probably a good thing to do, but once more it distorts figures: There is no way of proving that those students for whom they are now making allowances will in fact pay up when they get jobs.

Of course, this is not to say that a properly administered loan program run by the colleges themselves (the sort of plan that Yale and Duke are considering) would not fare better, even as the USAF's plan has generally fared better than the federally guaranteed loans. It is much easier to feel a sense of obligation to Yale than to a far-away bureaucracy that is taking your tax money anyway. But meanwhile, look for bankruptcy suits to replace conscientious objection as the most popular legal game on campus.

Stop It Now

Phase II of President Nixon's New Economic Program is now upon us and already one promise made by the President when he outlined his plans for the continuance of price-wage controls has been pretty much exploded. The coming year, said the President, would be one in which "we replace the crisis-prone system of the past with a new system tuned to the future." While his reference was specifically to international monetary transactions, his rhetoric seemed to apply equally to domestic affairs. Yet if one thing is plainer than another it is that the abandonment of the free market at home in favor of an elaborate and semipermanent control system is by its very nature a crisis-breeding procedure.

The first crisis in the new program, indeed, surfaced almost as soon as the President concluded his televised fireside chat of October 8. Who, after all, is to run the new complex control machinery? When the President spoke there were intimations that the government's top-level Cost of Living Council, headed by Secretary of the Treasury Connally, would not only lay down general policy but have specific veto power over decisions of the new Price Commission that will seek to stabilize prices and the new Pay Board—composed of representatives of labor, business and the general public—which will have similar powers over wages. George Meany would have none of that and threatened to withdraw from the game entirely unless decisions of the Pay Board were final. Within 48 hours the President abjectly capitulated. Asked who had been the winner in this first clash of authority he lamely answered, "the country."

But the country will scarcely gain if, as seems likely, Big Labor dominates the Pay Board and lets wages and costs spiral upward, free of any veto except possibly that of the President himself. It was the upward thrust of costs in the months before the freeze which produced the extraordinary combination of rising unemployment *and* inflation, and which led the Administration to abandon its original sound game-plan of cooling off the economy by traditional fiscal and credit means. To the degree that Labor can boss the new control apparatus we shall find ourselves on the old weary treadmill with nothing really solved. It is significant that in the matter of targets Mr. Meany believes that a 2 per cent to 3 per cent inflation by 1972 is over-ambitious and that a 4 per cent inflation is more to his liking. It is also significant that Labor is setting up its own "watchdog" units to protect the country from what Mr. Meany terms price (and profit) "gougers."

The proposal to throw the whole price-profit-wage mechanism into the political arena illuminates, as if on a large movie screen, the central problem which individual businessmen have long faced at the private bargaining table—namely excessive union power. Yet practically no businessman and certainly no government official has proposed getting at the taproots of that monopoly power by reform of our labor laws, which would make the whole control program unnecessary. Rather businessmen are playing the part of good soldiers, hoping that something will turn up to ease the strain and uncertainty under which they now operate, and that exceptions to the control system will be generous. In early October, the demand for exceptions under the price freeze rose precipitously. From mid-September to mid-October some fifteen thousand violations of government rules were reported and some thirteen thousand demands were made for exemptions on prices or wages. These are only a foretaste of what will happen when the price freeze is lifted November 15 and we enter the swirling waters of the selective controls of Phase II.

With federal expenditures on the increase and with a deficit of some $25 billion in prospect in this fiscal year, production and productivity may well pick up in the months ahead and business profits may benefit through the fattening of that now sacred cow, the gross national product. But the fact stands that in abandoning the discipline of the free market and fiscal restraint, the

Garbage Proposal

Landgard is a system that bakes garbage rather than burns it. And then, to avoid air pollution, it inhales its own gases and consumes them. —from a Monsanto ad

Now let's see if I've got it straight.
You take what's left of what we ate
And bake it till the stuff is done;
Then (honestly, this could be fun)
The goo, now nicely neutral, goes
Poof! In and up the creature's nose:
Which, no routine proboscis, this,
Performs the metamorphosis.
Let's harness this amazing nose
To hose up George McGovern's prose.

W. H. von Dreele

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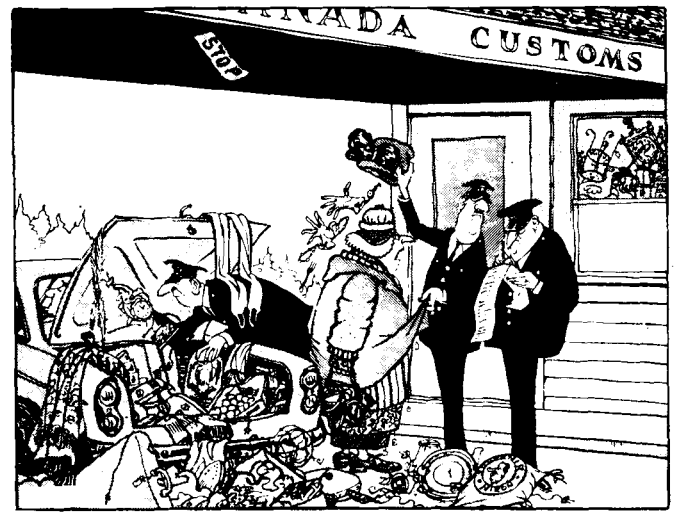
American economy is headed for trouble—a trouble compounded by the contradictory moves of government officials themselves. It is estimated, for instance, that quite aside from industry, pay increases by local, state, and federal government in 1970 accounted for nearly 25 per cent of the increase in the general price level. More recently and in the wake of his Phase II speech, Mr. Nixon himself promised the American farmer a better break in the price of free grains which means, if it means anything, a higher level for the price of meat!

Quis custodiet custodes? The answer, whether we look at the Phase II Pay Board or at government officials themselves, is nobody. We do not find ourselves often in agreement with Senator Proxmire, but we are tempted to agree with him on one point. Before Congress meekly extends the Stabilization Act of 1970, which expires next April, it should itself take a hard look early next session at what it is being asked to underwrite. For what it is being asked to sign is a blank check to the Executive which is in fact unconstitutional whether viewed as a delegation of power or an infringement of property and contract rights. The time to unwind Phase II is not a year or two years or five years from now. It is before the whole clattering and discriminating machinery goes into action.

Chilean Notes

Allende's copper grab, which will cost U.S. companies some $774 million, and his government's less publicized seizure of the Chile Telephone Co. (IT&T investment valued at $153 million) have at last elicited some response from the United States Government. Charles A. Meyer, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, warned that unless Chile honored her international agreements she would not only jeopardize the flow of private investment but by "ripple effect" endanger U.S. aid to other needy countries as well. . . . Chile may turn a deaf ear to Mr. Meyer's warning; it has a slew of trade agreements with Communist countries in the works, but the projected financial agreements with Eastern bloc countries, especially the USSR, will be based on payment in kind and observers fear that the clearing arrangements will result in such a shortage of convertible foreign exchange for Chile that she may eventually be locked into trading with the East exclusively. In a nutshell: Chile needs capital for development. As foreign capital is frightened away by Allende's policies, the necessary development capital will have to be sweated out of the Chilean masses: which is why, no doubt, such regimes are known as people's governments. . . . On the domestic front, the Zig-Zag Corporation (Chile's largest news monopoly and government-controlled since last February) not only publishes the magazine by that name, as well as the respected, until now, news magazine *Ercilla*, but Zig-Zag S.A. also has the government contract to publish and *edit* (for style?)



Norris, *Vancouver Sun* Ben Roth Agency

"Fat lot of thanks I seem to be getting for an all-out effort to solve the international balance of payments fiasco."

the textbooks used in Chile's public schools. . . . Among the new bills to be debated in Parliament this winter is one concerning status of CUT (*Central Unica de Trabajadores*—Central Workers' Organization). It would transform CUT, Chile's largest union, from its private status to the only union publicly recognized by the state. This would have every Chilean worker directly controlled by the Communist Party (CUT's President is Communist Deputy Luis Figueroa) and every worker, member or not, required by law to contribute money to CUT. . . . One requirement of the Ministry of Foreign Relations—that tourists buy $10 in escudos—has so damaged tourist trade that the sum has been modified to $8; and they're still not coming. . . . Newest government "intervention": MADECO. The copper manufacturing company was seized for "inefficiency"; it was late in *one* delivery. Couldn't obtain the foreign raw material necessary for processing. . . . Newest departure: General Motors, which is closing up shop in Chile December 31.

Dean Acheson, R I P

One recalls a meeting of the Hoover Commission on Government Reorganization in the now-distant 1940s. In the chair, during Hoover's absence, sat Mr. Dean Gooderham Acheson, drawing the crossfire of a number of congressmen including bulky Clarence Brown of Ohio, on the merits of a particular position paper dealing with foreign policy. For twenty minutes the then Under Secretary of State parried the questions with skill and wit not lost on bystanders but increasingly irritating to the blunt Mr. Brown who finally blurted out: *"And I shall thank you, Mr. Acheson, not to twirl that mustache of yours again at me!"* Amidst the general laughter Mr. Acheson gave that mustache a final loving twist.

Dean Acheson, as everybody knows, had style—style

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in clothing which for many years was cut in London or by a favored tailor hard by Acheson's occasional habitat, the Metropolitan Club. Style in manner which reflected the Groton of Endicott Peabody, the Yale of Hadley, and the Harvard of Lowell, where he took his law degree before serving as secretary to Supreme Court Justice Brandeis. Style in writing and thought, whether he was drawing an intricate brief for his home-base law firm of Covington & Burling in Washington, or a broader and more difficult brief for, say the Marshall Plan for Europe, of which he was a prime mover. Acheson obviously did not suffer fools gladly. For all that, this elegant man, who died at 78, at his farm at Sandy Spring in Maryland, had a profound influence on the foreign policy of a democratic and populist Republic.

What influence? Critics of Acheson, while conceding that he early took the measure of Communism as a "doctrine fatal to a free society" and labored long and effectively to contain Communism at least in Europe, will not easily forgive two blots on his record. During his years in the State Department Acheson failed to spot, and to alert the country to, pro-Communist influence at policymaking levels. His famous statement, "I do not intend to turn my back on Alger Hiss," buttressed by appeals to the Sermon on the Mount, was bad symbolism and bad law.

The second lapse was Acheson's misreading of the danger to this country's interests in the Pacific in his single-minded pursuit of strengthening our defenses in the Atlantic. Acheson, in effect, wrote off the loss of China to the Communists and the defeat of Chiang Kai-shek as all but inevitable and in no way connected with the blunders of U.S. policymakers including George Marshall. More, in drawing the U.S. defense perimeter in the Pacific as running from the Philippines through Okinawa and Japan and back to the Aleutians with no mention whatever of South Korea, Acheson may well have precipitated the attack of North Korea on South Korea in June 1950 and the disastrous war. Once the attack developed, Acheson acted with celerity and acumen in trying to stop it. But even so his part in Korea ends not with a bang but a whimper, nor did he enhance his reputation by recently charging that MacArthur was a "jackass."

Yet when the Acheson blunders are written red it will not do, as so many have, to brush off this extraordinary man as an elegant failure. The record of his accomplishments in seeking to contain Communism on the world stage is too great for that. The Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan, and his faith in Europe and the Atlantic Community will stand the test of time. He *was* as the title of his recent book suggests *Present at the Creation*. And when his official labors were done he did not lie down "for an eon or two" and let the world wag by.

In the Cuban missile crisis he advised the vacillating Kennedy to bomb the Russian installations. He deplored the decline of U.S. seapower in the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean and saw the need for tolerance for South Africa. His bitterest jibes were at some of his lawyer friends who in the name of upholding the UN Charter have gone along with sanctions against the sovereign state of Rhodesia. That policy, Acheson told a section of the American Bar Association, "is bare-faced aggression, unprovoked and unjustified by a single legal or moral principle," and he concluded: "From the United Nations Charter as distorted by professors of international law, Good Lord deliver us!" In the days ahead, we suspect, critics no less than friends will be missing these stringent and deadly aimed salvos from the elegant squire of Sandy Spring.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

By way of introduction, let me say that I have long considered myself to be a liberal, but my limit has been reached. I mean, I wouldn't raise a child according to Dr. Spock, much less accept his views on war and the draft. I found my mind becoming increasingly FUBAR, sort of flaking around the edges, and in my plight I turned to you. At age 24, I find it rather difficult to absorb so many new things, but I am trying. You may consider me your disciple, Eliza Doolittle to your Henry Higgins. The people at the library eye me with something approaching scorn as I check out an armload of your books, but I suppose they are not used to someone barefoot and bra-less, in jeans and T-shirt, reading anything by one such as yourself. I was nearly molested on a bench in the zoo yesterday for reading *Up from Liberalism*. But, to get to the point - - - - -

The following excerpt from a letter to the editor was in the *Magnificat*, the newspaper for the Buffalo Diocese, and appeared in the May 6 issue. "Father Fenton (of the John Birch Society) did not mention that relatively recent innovation of Comrade Welch, i.e., The Insiders. They control the Communists in the U.S. and USSR. The apostate Bircher, Gerald Schomp, relates in his book, *Birchism Was My Business*, that the only one he ever heard actually mentioned as being an Insider was Bill Buckley." Like a good little girl, I searched through the back issues to find the article to which it refers. I must state at this time that I do not subscribe to this paper, nor to the organization which it represents. I live my life according to that Golden Rule, "Thou shalt not screw thy buddy." While my husband is looking for a job, however, we are forced to live with his parents, who take this paper. I read it for giggles and write scathing letters to the editor, some of which even get printed. One, to be exact.

To go on - - - - I do not care, sir, if you belong to the John Birch Society, the DAR, the IRA, or the Mickey Mouse Club; whatever turns you on. But it appears you are accused of being in control of the Communists in the U.S. and USSR. Is this true?????? If it is, you are doing

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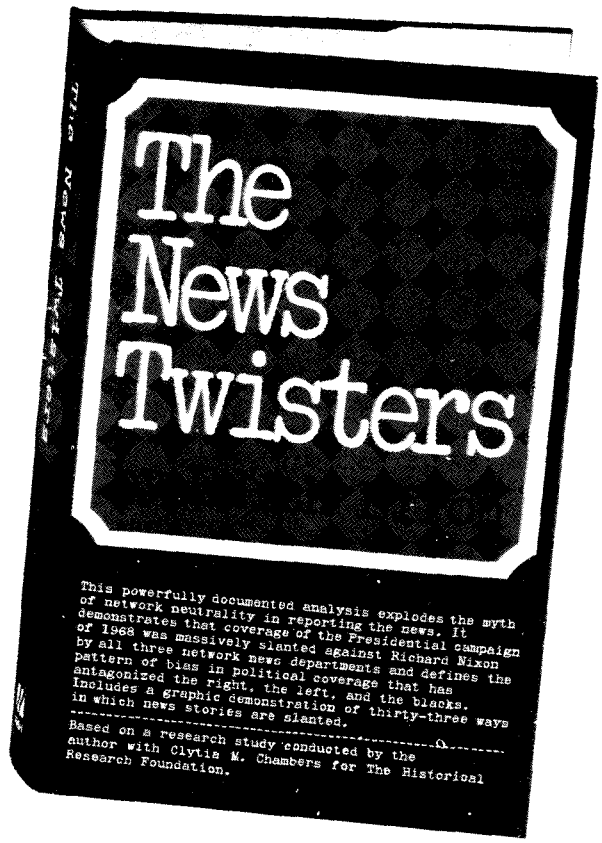
"The News Twisters" (a $7.95 value) is the blockbusting bestseller about TV news bias that has everyone across the country buzzing–you can get a FREE copy of this exciting book if you act now to subscribe to COMBAT, the exclusive newsletter that keeps you informed about all the activities of the Left.

"The News Twisters" is a hard-hitting new book that exposes the left-leaning bias of the TV networks that conservative Americans have always felt existed in the communications media. We felt that it was the perfect book to use to introduce NR readers to COMBAT, the frank and exclusive newsletter (published by NR, Inc. on the 1st and 15th of each month) that keeps you intimately informed about the New Left, the Communists, Red China (even biased TV news coverage!) – anything that poses a threat to America's security. COMBAT was first to publish the infamous Black Panther coloring book in its entirety, and, incidentally, one of the first to offer original and documented proof of TV news bias. You won't find COMBAT's news duplicated elsewhere–it is must reading for all concerned Americans. To get your copy of "The News Twisters" enter your COMBAT subscription now at no more than the regular rate of $24 per year–we'll process your subscription immediately and send you the book, all postage paid. Use the coupon below or the card opposite the page. No need to pay with order, we'll bill you later if you prefer.


The News Twisters
This powerfully documented analysis explodes the myth of network neutrality in reporting the news. It demonstrates that coverage of the Presidential campaign of 1968 was massively slanted against Richard Nixon by all three network news departments and defines the pattern of bias in political coverage that has antagonized the right, the left, and the blacks. Includes a graphic demonstration of thirty-three ways in which news stories are slanted.
Based on a research study conducted by the author with Clytia M. Chambers for The Historical Research Foundation.

t last–the things you've always claimed were true about TV news coverage proved rue by this startling book that documents V's liberal bias–you'll be talking about nd quoting from this sizzling expose all eason long!

The News Twisters" (initials T.N.T.) by national TV analyst Edith fron is an explosive new book that spells out in black and white ust how biased the TV networks actually are! This book is not just nother "quickie" expose long on outrageous conclusions, but acking in evidence to back them up. "The News Twisters" is a erious in-depth book, based on two years of careful, original research. Edith Efron shows clearly how the news coverage of the 968 Presidential campaign was positively slanted against Richard lixon, and proves TV's soft treatment of the left. (". . . the pro-left iew is more 'forceful' than the anti-left view. An actively agreeble and/or harmless picture of the left is communicated and hard, erious warnings to the country against violent new Leftists by the ederal Bureau of Investigation are surpassed by two networks out f three.") And the book contains reports that newsmen who are pposed to the network bias are intimidated, admissions by major etwork figures that their newscasts are biased, plus an analysis f thirty-three techniques used to slant the news! "The News wisters" is illustrated with easy-to-understand charts that will hock you in their documentation of bias. (Be sure to look at the words against Nixon" charts and the "words for and against the .S. Vietnam War Policy" chart – you will be amazed at the imiensity of the bias.) This is a must-read book for everyone – specially all those Americans who have suspicions as to the imartiality of the TV networks. "The News Twisters" (which conains an extremely valuable appendix, documenting TV editorials tc., in itself well worth the price of the book) retails for $7.95, ut is yours FREE and postpaid with your COMBAT order.

Here is what National Review says about "The News Twisters"

The results are even more scandalous than might have been anticipated. Listeners to the ABC and NBC news heard nine times as many anti-Nixon words as pro (ABC: 7,493/869); CBS, however, outdid itself: 5,300 against and 320 for. Analogous statistics turn up elsewhere. Where the bombing-halt was concerned, CBS put out 407 words for and 36 against; NBC 814 for and 147 against; ABC 904 words for and 165 against. Again and again comparable ratios turn up on the litmus issues.

Miss Efron's conclusions are irrefutable: "The networks actively opposed the Republican candidate, Richard Nixon, in his run for the Presidency . . . actively favored the Democratic candidate, Hubert Humphrey . . . largely evaded the issue of violent radicals . . . actively slanted their opinion coverage in favor of the black militants and against the white middle-class majority . . . actively slanted their opinion coverage against U.S. policy on the Vietnam war.

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one hell of a lousy job, because they don't seem to be under much control. If you are in control, please don't send me to Siberia—I have lived in Alaska and found the cold to be quite unbearable. Would it be worth the time to read Mr. Schomp? To quote one of my many unpublished poems, "Chaos, chaos reigns supreme, weird objects through the air do soar." OK, so you can see why they have remained unpublished. I hope, dear sir, you will explain the meaning of the above accusation. As my guru, you have certain responsibilities. There is no faith quite so fanatical as that of a convert. Accordingly, as soon as I have a permanent address, I hope to subscribe to NATIONAL REVIEW. When I am good I am very, very good.

Love, peace, and joy to you.

Sincerely,
Jane L. Wiesman
343 Crescent Ave.
Buffalo, New York

Dear Mrs. Wiesman: I do not permit myself to answer that question. —*WFB*

■ Dear Mr. Caen:
c/o *San Francisco Chronicle*
I have been sent two of your columns, dated June 7, and June 17.

In one, you write: "In fact, it was Jim, not Bill Buckley, who first cracked classically on election night: 'If I win I'll demand a recount.'"

In fact, it was Bill, not Jim Buckley, who made the crack; not on election night, but in mid-May, on announcing the selection of his running-mates.

In the other, you write: "For a nightcap, drop in at Elaine's, that amazing hangout for the literati on Second Avenue, and find Gay Talese, David Halberstam, Michael Arlen and Peter Maas and his lovely sad-eyed wife, Audrey. (It was to Audrey that Bill Buckley said, 'What is the secret behind those sad eyes?,' departing hastily when Audrey replied, 'It is the sadness of a socialist looking at a fascist Republican.')"

In fact a) I have never laid eyes on Mrs. Maas, so far as I am aware, b) I have never said to anyone, "What is the secret behind those sad eyes?"; and c) if Mrs. Maas or anybody else proffered such an explanation to me, her trouble would be not sad eyes, but black and blue eyes.

Yours faithfully,
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Dear Mr. Buckley:
June 7 and June 17??? Our Pony Express service is really slowing down. Or up. I really can't recall what I said yesterday, let alone last June, but since I have been wrong before, I plead guilty again. It's what I get for cribbing all my items from *Women's Wear Daily*, without credit.

You really wouldn't want to mess up Audrey Maas, would you? She's nice, but it could be that her husband talks too much. I certainly don't think you're a fascist Republican or anything.

All best,
Herb Caen

P.S. I think "What is the secret behind those sad eyes?" is a dandy ice-breaker.

Dear Mr. Caen:
Very well, let it go. I'll probably publish my correction in NATIONAL REVIEW, for the record, as they say. You make Mrs. Maas sound very attractive! My best to you.

Yours faithfully,
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:
I am writing to you after having read the following line from your column "The Critics of Richard Nixon" (New York, April 24) appearing in the May 5 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW:

"As soldiers, we are asked to show courage on the firing line, and it is reported that, when Mr. Nixon was in the service, he did so."

What I would like to ask of you is if you really consider it courageous for a human being to kill another human being as would the soldier on the firing line? Isn't it more courageous to refuse to kill?

Sincerely,
Eric W. Shropshire
University of Havana
at Storrs, Conn.
Box 15, Belden Hall

That depends. If in refusing to kill, you run the risk of being killed, yes. As a rule, the chances of physical survival are better if you are fired at by agents of Selective Service, than by the Vietcong. —*WFB*

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:
Last Oct. 9 I tried to get my University of Washington newspaper, the *Daily*, to run your "Help Wanted" ad concerning a Mr. E. Muskie's attempt in finding a running-mate ["HELP WANTED: Sincere gentleman seeks running-mate. Caucasian preferred, but natural sense of rhythm no obstacle. Contact E. Muskie" (*NR*, Oct. 8, 1971)].

The *Daily* refused to do so, as a clerk found it to be "in poor taste." Also, its advertising department objected to the request of "Caucasian preferred," as the dept. claimed that such request violated the 1964 Civil Rights Act, which prohibits job discrimination on account of race.

What I desire, Mr. Buckley, is could you inform me if there is some obscure Bill of Rights which protects my freedom of speech (in placing advertising)?

Rightly yours,
Bill Garrison Jr.
16028 SE 9
Bellevue, Wa. 98008

—WFB

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JAMES BURNHAM

The Protracted Conflict

ITALIAN COLONELS?

VENICE—Just before starting to write, I was reading *Corriere della Sera*, the leading Italian newspaper. A small item at the bottom of page one stated that there would be a railroad strike Tuesday (this being Saturday). The text consisted mostly of a joint communiqué from the leaders of the three railroad unions: The strike will be total throughout the national territory; it will begin at one minute after midnight and last for exactly 24 hours; a skeleton force will stand by to act in the event of an "extreme emergency."

What is most noteworthy here, I think, is the fact that so little note is being taken of so considerable an event as the total paralysis of all rail traffic within a major nation dependent for its subsistence, not to speak of well-being and convenience, on its rail network. There were no large headlines in any paper; no editorials; no official appeals or denunciations. It was routine, like a weather report.

And such items have been appearing almost as regularly as weather reports in the Italian press for the past two years. There has come to be an almost ceremonial quality about these strikes that roll back and forth across the Italian economy. The participation at one time or another of nearly every sector of state employees, in the bureaucratic offices as well as state enterprises like transport, along with the workers in the huge auto, rubber, chemical and textile companies, has been a special feature. In panic last year, government and private employers gave a wage jump averaging about 20 per cent. It brought only a few months' recess, plus, naturally, an aggravation of the economic decay that has lowered Italy's rate of growth in GNP from 1968's 8 per cent to today's estimated zero.

Experiment in Anarchy

Italy almost seems to be testing whether it is really possible for a society to live without a government. For several years Italy has had at best a semi-government. During the past year even that faded away: For eight months there were only "caretaker" officials, since it proved impossible to splice together even the customary short-lived parliamentary coalition.

In political terms it is easy to see why an effective government has become unattainable under the existing rules. It is impossible to form a coherent political majority. There are the Christian Democrats in the center; the Socialists and Communists on the Left; the MSI (generally referred to as neo-fascist) and various small monarchist, republican and old-style liberal parties on the Right. Abstractly it would appear easy enough to put together a workable majority through either a center-left or a center-right coalition. But the Christian Democrats do not constitute a single party in a basic political sense; they too are a left-center-right aggregate. The Christian Democrats' right wing blocks any coalition that would include the Communist Party, which is by far the largest on the national Left. The CD left wing blocks any coalition that would include the MSI.

So there is no-government, or semi-government. The economy declines month by month: Fiat, the pride of Italian industry, has just laid off eight thousand workers and put most of the others on a reduced work week; Pirelli, the great tire and rubber company, is said to be nearly out of business. The harassing strikes roll on. And, in the past year or so, more and more Italians have been expressing their political frustrations in the streets. Demonstrations, riots and not infrequently violence erupt, often, over what seem to be trivial or eccentric issues.

The most significant indicator of what Trotsky might have called a "molecular change" in mass sentiment is the very rapid growth during the past two years in the strength of the MSI, which had for years slumbered along with about 3 per cent of the vote and little activity. (The initials signify in English, "Italian Social Movement.") Last spring the MSI got 16 per cent in regional elections held mostly in the south but including several industrial northern cities. Last week the non-government postponed a series of municipal elections on a nominal excuse that everyone realizes covered its fear of a powerful MSI showing. Young people are attracted by the MSI's activism; it is making big inroads on the CD Right with its leadership in the campaign to repeal the new divorce law. Many Italians and observers of Italy believe the MSI is already the strongest force in the south, which has been traditionally rightist. What is new are the footholds it is winning here and there in the north.

While on the Sidelines

Analogies between two different nations can never be exact. But the structural similarities between the Greek political situation in 1966 and the Italian situation today are strikingly similar. There is the same background of musical-chairs cabinets with less than a year's life expectancy; the same political fragmentation; the same spread, as political authority disappears, of arbitrary actions, at the expense of public order and convenience, by private groupings (unions, parties); the same appearance of "mass action" in the streets.

The parliamentary mechanism of "democratic government" breaks down. Public opinion finally becomes fed up with the resulting inconveniences and disorders. The state power becomes more and more exposed to takeover by a nonparliamentary enterprise. It was at this point that the Greek Colonels made their quick, surprise move, and seized the power. The record seems to prove that their timing was perfect. If the people had not been fed up, there would have been resistance and bloodshed, but there was none.

Are there Italian colonels watching from the wings, and learning their lines? Many in Europe think so, even though no one is sure of what their names might be. Who, outside limited circles in Greece, had heard of Colonels Papadopoulos and Patakos before April 1967? □

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LETTER FROM PHILADELPHIA

The Conservative's Dilemma

GEORGE BRUCE

On November 2, Philadelphians go to the polls to elect the man who will serve the city as mayor for the next four years. W. C. Fields, Richie Allen and Kevin Phillips to the contrary, this red-brick, tradition-bound Cradle of Liberty has *not* altogether deteriorated into a ridiculous anachronism devoid of significance for the rest of the nation; and the 1971 mayoralty election is a case in point.

Urban politics is often confusing, in this age of shifting political identities, with a Yorty here and a Lindsay there, blurring party lines and very often making party labels irrelevant. In this year's Philadelphia mayoralty campaign, however, the picture is becoming increasingly clear. The Republicans are sticking to the outmoded urban liberalism of the 1960s: Their nominee for mayor is Thacher Longstreth, a Ripon-type limousine liberal. The Democrats have nominated Frank Rizzo, a hard-line populist-conservative who appeals to the threatened white blue-collar workers and what is left of the urban white middle class. Frank Rizzo served as the city's police commissioner and is an outspoken advocate of law and order.

Thacher Longstreth is a former All-American football player from Princeton University, a man who worked his way to the top of the legal profession in Philadelphia, and now lives in exclusive Chestnut Hill. His credentials are impeccable. His membership in the NAACP antedates the popularity of the civil-rights cause. As a city councilman, Longstreth consistently supported increased municipal expenditures and increased municipal taxation to support them. He supports controversial Superintendent of Schools Dr. Mark Shedd and his expensive, ineffectual new programs. He refuses to commit himself to support the Republican Presidential ticket in 1972, presumably because the Nixon Administration has failed to undertake the extensive social restructuring Longstreth desires.

Frank Rizzo is a paisano from South Philly who worked his way up from a beat to become the nation's best-known municipal police chief. Long before he made commissioner, most Philadelphians knew how Frank Rizzo felt about law enforcement: He made no secret of his opinions.

But Rizzo's widely celebrated "tough-cop" image is by no means flawless. On one occasion, he growled something to the effect that henceforth he would ignore the Constitution in his efforts at law enforcement: "We're gonna deprive 'em [the criminal element] of their constitutional rights," he said. However one might sympathize with a police commissioner faced with impossible tasks, such a statement must give rise to grave misgivings.

Frank Rizzo raised hell until Philadelphia's police officers finally got a raise. He reduced graft on the beat and cops took pride in their job once again. He further increased morale by announcing he would back up his men, right or wrong: "Anybody can back a guy when he's right. It's when he's wrong that he needs somebody behind him." Whether emboldened cops began to act over-zealously or whether agitated OEO lawyers and black militants set out to get Rizzo is unclear, but complaints about police brutality soared—far above the national average.

Furthermore, Rizzo twice interjected police power where it had no place. He threatened to campaign against too-lenient judges "by name"; and he attacked the United Fund ("They pay lawyers who make trouble for us"). With Rizzo as commissioner, the police department was the most visible, most publicized and the best run of all the city departments; but there were times when we felt our libertarian toes being stepped on.

Less excusable than Rizzo's zeal is his constant quest for publicity. On three separate occasions he has led his men in action wearing a tuxedo. Once he personally defused a bomb; another time, he appeared ready for action with a nightstick casually stuck in his cummerbund.

There are times too when Rizzo fails as a law-enforcer. Locust Street has "opened up" again and sleazy bars openly flout state liquor regulations. Rizzo may have been too busy having his picture snapped to notice.

The man whom both Rizzo and Longstreth want to succeed is Mayor James Tate. To catalog the ineptitude and corruption of the Tate years would require an encyclopedia. But for all his shortcomings, Jim Tate is a solid and powerful machine politician. When Bobby Kennedy announced that he would run for the Presidency in 1968, Tate publicly blasted Bobby as a "wise guy"; yet when Bobby came to campaign in Philadelphia, a few weeks later, he showed none of the celebrated RFK vindictiveness. He dismissed Tate's insult with a quip, and the two shared the same platform at a party rally. Party mavericks acknowledge Tate's hold on the reins, and they either capitulate or find themselves out in the cold. Tate's control of the black wards is so strong that the machine stands a chance of delivering some of them to Frank Rizzo, despite his unpopularity there.

Frank Rizzo is Tate's hand-picked successor. This alone renders him unworthy of conservative support, or, for that matter, of support by any reform-minded person.

Rizzo should be the underdog in this campaign. He is not; he is the pronounced favorite because the GOP has blundered. The majority of Philadelphia's voters are not young; they are not poor; they are not black. But even among those who are young, poor, black, there are those who find the Rizzo image appealing. It is Rizzo who is in tune with the times. Longstreth is not. Ten years ago, five years ago, there would have been no contest—Longstreth would have won. Today, Rizzo stands to win.

The GOP has had ample warning. Political technicians Phillips and Scammon and Wattenberg see a conservative evolution under way. New York's John Lindsay, by splitting the GOP asunder; precipitated the growth of the Conservative Party. These trends escaped the Philadelphia GOP. Its nominee is Thacher Longstreth, the idealistic limousine liberal, the relic. □

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TV BIAS

The networks are already crying "foul!"—
but the figures totted up by the indefatigable
Miss Efron just can't be explained away.
Grand total: TV news coverage is badly biased

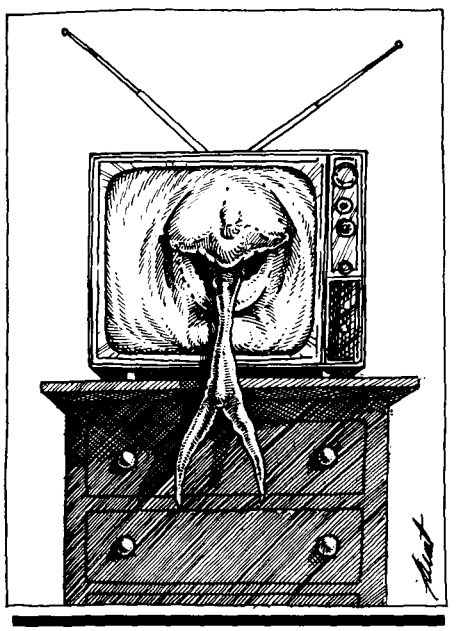
Edith Efron's Murderous Adding Machine

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

I KNEW Whittaker Chambers for years before I was aware of the Hiss case. During all that time his qualitative analysis of the nature of the Soviet threat was absolutely brilliant, but unfortunately it convinced nobody save those who were convinced already. Then Whit produced his Pumpkin Papers, which, in a sense, quantified his arguments. At this point he was taken seriously. Hiss went to jail and the country, for a moment, believed in the reality of the cold war.

This did not help Senator Joseph McCarthy when he couldn't corroborate his first statistical count of the number of Communists in the State Department. Our great quantifying country, which puts its entire faith in polls, demanded that Senator McCarthy produce item-by-item proof of his allegations. A qualitative statement that, judged by its behavior, the State Department must be under considerable fellow traveler influence, and that it didn't matter much whether there were fifty or 205 Communists in Foggy Bottom, didn't serve to save Joe at all. He had sinned against the gods of statistics by failing in a simple sum in addition.

Vice President Spiro Agnew didn't make Joe McCarthy's mistake when, in 1969, he waded into the TV commentators for abusing the Federal Communications Commission's Fairness Doctrine in reporting on Richard Nixon's Vietnam stance. But his qualitative approach wasn't enough; the networks, relying on what they thought was the nonexistence of statistics bearing on the Fairness Doctrine, simply produced their own qualitative answer to Spiro. They said he was ag'in the Bill of Rights and was guilty of encouraging fascistic repression.



It did not matter that Edith Efron, a staff writer for *TV Guide*, had interviewed commentator Howard K. Smith a couple of months before Agnew's speech and had received, from one reputable horse's mouth, a statement that TV news "analysts" strove above all to please Walter Lippmann. Smith had not quantified his criticism; he had merely spoken from his heart—from what he had experienced.

Who Are They 'For'?

Even before she interviewed Howard Smith or had listened to Agnew, Edith Efron was aware that some way must be found to tabulate bias, and to carry the tabulation out to the last decimal point, if one were to make charges of TV intellectual crookedness stick. With a grant from the Historical Research Foundation, and with the help of Clytia M. Chambers of the Hill and Knowlton Company, Edie Efron set about the formidable task of turning quality into quantity. First, she set three tape recorders to work transcribing all the 7 to 7:30 P.M. prime-time ABC, CBS and NBC network shows from September 16 to November 4 in the 1968 Presidential year. Then she winnowed out the unimportant stuff, keeping a hundred thousand words per network that bore on the Nixon-Humphrey contest.

There was, of course, the big issue of the Presidential race itself. But there were also the sub-issues, ranging from racism and the black militants to the "kids" on the campuses and in the streets of Chicago. Listing under topic heads what the reporters, the public personalities, the politicians and the candidates themselves had to say, Miss Efron broke everything down into simple "fors" and "againsts." Then she and her researchers started counting. It was a laborious way of arriving at what anybody in his right mind should have known anyway, but the point is that, outside of the "Silent Majority," there aren't many people around these days who seem to have any minds whatsoever. Only a statistical count would be irrefutable even to dopes in a quantity-minded society.

Naturally, what Nixon said during the campaign was pro-Nixon, and what Humphrey said was pro-Humphrey. So we scratch the "fors" and the "againsts" as represented by big partisan rhetoric. The true test of the Fairness Doctrine came when Miss Efron added up the "fors" and the "againsts" as divulged in the prime-time talk of the public per-

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John Chamberlain, a long-time contributor to NR, *was formerly chief book-reviewer for the* New York Times, *a contributor to* Barron's *and the* Wall Street Journal, *and chief editorial writer for* Life.

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sonalities and the network editorialists, news analysts and reporters.

Miss Efron explains the methodology of her study and presents summaries of the evidence in a series of devastating appendices to her book, *The News Twisters* (Los Angeles, Nash, $7.95). The main text of the book presents the finished analytical product of the counting. Of particular note are the pages devoted to bar graphs which tell the story in its stark simplicity. On ABC the number of words spoken for Richard Nixon was 869 as compared to 7,493 against The CBS Nixon "for" count was 320; the "against" count was 5,300. On NBC it was 431 "for" to 4,234 "against." Humphrey, as a candidate, did not benefit as much as might have been expected from the widespread network distaste for Richard Nixon; he got 4,218 "fors" from ABC as compared to 3,569 "againsts," and 2,388 "fors" from CBS as against 2,083 "againsts." With the NBC count a curious thing was disclosed; this network, which had gone against Richard Nixon by a ten to one margin in the Efron tabulation, actually came up with 1,852 counts "for" Hubert Humphrey and 2,655 "against." With NBC it was, more or less, a case of not liking either candidate very much.

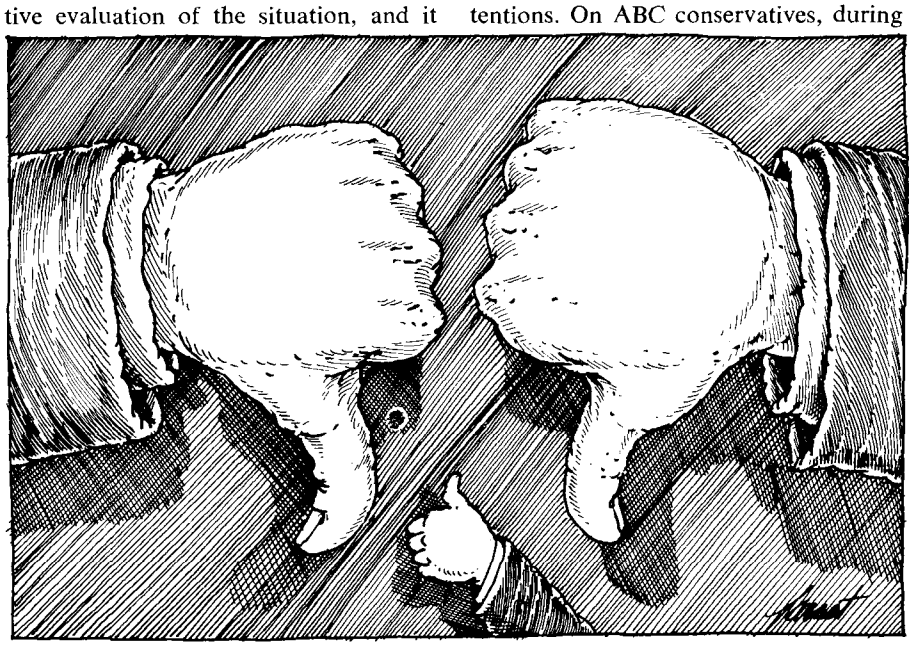
The Sandwich Theory

Translating the statistical evidence into words, Miss Efron colors the business a bit by remarking that the commentators and reporters were virtually agreed in describing Nixon as "a demon out of the liberal id." This is a qualitative evaluation of the situation, and it could be discounted as such if it were not for the sheer arithmetic of the bar graphs, an arithmetic that is about as unemotional as a fence post.

When it comes to the TV reporting on the ten "related issues" of the campaign, Miss Efron's tabulations offer unassailable proof of a widespread network "liberal" bias. Turning the cold arithmetic of the adding machine into words, we discover that, as TV saw it in the autumn of 1968, the war in Vietnam was all wrong. As Miss Efron puts it, the "drumbeat of synchronized opinion" on the war was so "crude" that there is almost "nothing to analyze, no special documentation to isolate." With an "editorially selected alliance of a couple of 'dove' Republicans and Democrats; domestic Communists and far-left organizations; politically unidentified 'students' and 'pacifists'; foreign leftists and 'neutralists'; network reporters; and the enemy itself," the leftists had the prime time practically to themselves when it came to talking about the war.

Opinion on the other side of the "dove" versus LBJ controversy was, as Miss Efron describes it, "a calculated void." Opinion in favor of the LBJ war policy was "flatly omitted by NBC News." CBS and ABC covered the pro-LBJ case symbolically, by relaying a few opinions from the Administration itself.

The Efron count tells the same sort of story about the TV coverage of domestic issues. According to TV editorialists and reporters, liberals are the good guys while the conservatives are almost universally afflicted with evil intentions. On ABC conservatives, during the 1968 campaign prime time, were criticized "as violent; as racist advocates of law and order; as rude; as stupid." On CBS, they emerged "as racist malcontents." On NBC they were depicted as "plotters against black militants" and "as the cause of racist violence." The white middle class emerges from the Efron count as "prosperous, self-pitying, mediocre," as "culturally limited," and as "authoritarian-racist-militaristic advocates of law enforcement against black criminals." Black militants, on the other hand, were glamorized in the 1968 TV coverage; their violence was "justified" by social circumstances. As for the kids on the campuses and in the streets, they were merely "hecklers" and "demonstrators" even when they were doing the vilest and most violent things.



Ditto for the Left in general—the Efron count has it that TV opinion "portrays the Left as harmless, friendly, idealistic, funny, young, 'restless' and trustworthy." As Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman might say, "Right on!" But who, on TV, ever described the smell in the Conrad Hilton lobby in Chicago after the "idealistic" and "friendly" young "demonstrators" had finished spreading their favorite effluents around?

Miss Efron's study moves on from the analysis of the counting to a sophisticated detailing of some thirty-odd methods of misrepresentation used by the majority of TV commentators and analysts. There is the commentator who "reports" on the buried emotions and the unconscious psychological motivations of single persons and of crowds ranging up to a half-million people. There are the reporters who hide behind "anonymous" sources. There is the analyst who presents Eldridge Cleaver as an "enthusiastic" fighter for Negro "rights." There is the "poison sandwich" and its opposite, the "sugar sandwich," which bury one opinion by sticking it in between an introduction and a conclusion that the analyst prefers to support.

One Plus One Plus . . .

It is not only the conservative cause which has suffered from the networks' inability to abide by the Fairness Doctrine. Miss Efron's inexorable count shows that the members of the black community who reject the leadership of the Panthers have been almost totally

(Continues on page 1253)

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VIETNAM JOURNAL—II

In his second report from Vietnam, Dr. van den Haag examines the complex question of responsibility for soldiers' crimes. He recommends sweeping reforms in the administration of American military justice

When Is a Crime a War Crime?

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

WHAT IS the responsibility of those in command for crimes committed by soldiers without orders, or against standing rules?

It is the duty of an officer to control and limit the conduct of his subordinates. Failure to do so makes him (as well as them) responsible for their misconduct. He is responsible to the degree to which he fails to supervise and enforce rules of conduct when he can do so. It is not necessary that he know of the misconduct he does not prevent: he is responsible even if he does not, so long as he fails to take reasonable measures to keep himself informed and to prevent misconduct. In short, commanding officers, including those at the highest level, cannot be held responsible for what under the circumstances they cannot know or prevent. But they are responsible even for what they do not know or order, or explicitly permit, provided that with reasonable diligence they could have known and prevented it.

The degree of responsibility varies according to the degree of culpable neglect of the commander; or positively put, according to the extent he makes genuine efforts to restrain his subordinates. Such efforts might be demonstrated by his punishment of violations, by preventive measures, by rules and by attempts to enforce them.

This matter is often misunderstood on the basis of the Yamashita case. The Japanese General Tomoyuki Yamashita was held responsible for massacres and atrocities committed by his men as the Japanese were being defeated in the Philippines. An American military court found him guilty and sentenced him to death. Yamashita, assisted by an able American counsel, maintained that he could not have

known or prevented the atrocities, that he did not have enough control over his men in the situation to know, let alone prevent, what they were doing. There was no evidence that he approved of their actions and, in my opinion, there was insufficient evidence to show that he could have exercised more control than he did. However, a board of review, advising the area commander, General MacArthur, explicitly found that Yamashita must have known what happened and failed even to try to do what he could. MacArthur confirmed the sentence. The Supreme Court, asked to decide the constitutional question of due process, declined to interfere. Yamashita was executed.

What matters here is not whether Yamashita was innocent, or less guilty than he was found to be. What matters is that he was found guilty because the court did not believe him. The court found he could have known about, and therefore should have attempted to prevent, the mistreatment of prisoners by his subordinates. The court might have been wrong in disbelieving Yamashita's testimony to the contrary. The evidence against him was weak. But there was never any doubt that, had the court believed that Yamashita could not have known what his soldiers did, or that knowing it, he could not have controlled them, the court would have found him not guilty. Nobody can be responsible for what he is not able to control.

There is a widespread misunderstanding that the Yamashita case established that commanders are responsible for actions by subordinates even if they cannot know or prevent them. This is incorrect. Commanders are responsible regardless of what they know or do, only if they neglect to find out or prevent what they can. The court did not change this principle which has long been established in law. Whether it did or did not apply it correctly according to the evidence in the Yamashita case is another question.

Erosion of Discipline

So much for criminal responsibility of commanders for the crimes of individual soldiers. What about moral responsibility? Obviously commanders are not more responsible morally than legally for what they cannot prevent. Yet a commander may be morally responsible to some degree depending on the individual circumstances, for having allowed in the first instance, or for having caused the existence of the condi-

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tions in which he could not prevent the crimes that did occur. The creators of Nazi ideology bear a moral responsibility for Nazi acts. So do the creators of Communist ideology, for the acts of Communist governments and operatives. Commanders are responsible for the kind of indoctrination their men get, and for the general discipline, as well as for efforts made (or not made) to investigate and punish misconduct. What matters is not merely what commanders actually *do* to punish crimes, but their effort to do it and their effort to maintain their control over the conduct of their men.

The truth is that our military forces are far less well disciplined than they ought to be. This is due to some extent to the nature of American society. A totalitarian society will have all but total discipline in its army. A democratic one necessarily has less. A democratic society, which is also egalitarian and individualistic, has least. Granted, having less command, we have more individual responsibility. Yet we need not have an undisciplined army, nor do we. However, under the pressures from critics who most prominently complain about "war crimes" in Vietnam, Army discipline has suffered. For these critics, while holding the command responsible for nearly anything that happens, have done their best to undermine the power of commanders to discipline their men and control their actions. The critics have been effective. The morale of the Army has been eroded, and the control of officers over their men is often precarious.

The Reluctant Army

In Vietnam Army morale and with it discipline have suffered also because of more specific factors. Command ineptness is one; the unpopularity of the war, another. An insufficient understanding of what we are doing in Vietnam has contributed. The fact that the Army ignored the drug problem till 1970 has been far from helpful. Fragging—the throwing of explosives at unpopular officers at night—occurs frequently; punishment for it is rare. Soldiers have murdered officers who tried to enforce discipline.

Part of the responsibility for this rests on American society as a whole. We do not do much to prevent and punish crime in America. We come as near to fostering crime through our legal processes as a society can. The Army is not, and cannot be, animated by a much different spirit. It cannot control crime any better than the society of which it is a part.

Now that we are withdrawing from Vietnam—as I write about 200,000 American soldiers are left—discipline is further loosened. No one wishes to be bothered. No one is, except the victims of crime.

The factors listed explain, but do not justify, the inaction of many commanders. They bear great moral responsibility for individual crimes. They have failed to make serious efforts to impose discipline, and to discover, investigate and punish crimes. In particular, the legal branches of our forces have been scandalously sluggish and inept.

All the major known crimes have been investigated (if at all) with unconscionable delay and reluctance. Efforts to hush up matters have been continued to the last possible moment. The Army has acted, when it has finally acted, only because of the pressure of public opinion and publicity. It has done next to nothing on its own. The commanders, from the President, the Secretary of Defense, the theater commander and down to the local commanders, are morally responsible for what they could have done but did not do to enforce our own military codes.

When I was in Vietnam I tried to get information about individual war crimes from the office of the Judge Advocate General. I was met with stunning evasiveness, which, it turned out, was meant to cover incredible inaction and indifference to duty.

After pressure from General Abrams and from the embassy, the following statistics were transmitted to me via the embassy—long after I returned home.

The total number of Army personnel charged with war crimes in Vietnam since 1969 is thirty-four. Fifteen were tried by court-martial. Three cases were tried in 1969, six in 1970 and six in the first half of 1971. As can be seen,

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the number of trials increased consistently as the number of our men decreased and while public pressure mounted. This alone would arouse suspicion.

One might take some comfort from this "progress" were it not for the fact that the number of trials remains absurdly small, indicating not law enforcement but, at most, a reluctant gesture in that general direction.

Of the fifteen cases tried, nine involved the mutilation of corpses. Which is to say that in nearly three years the MACV tried six cases altogether in which American soldiers were accused of misconduct with respect to the living. One need not be a criminologist to figure that given the number of men we had in Vietnam over the period, far more crimes must have been committed than were reported, or investigated, by MACV. It would have been up to MACV to notice the discrepancy between actual and reported crimes, and to make sure that crimes are reported, investigated and punished. Crimes are sure to be committed when they can be committed with impunity.

The moral responsibility for the obvious failure to do this rests on the branch of the high command charged with dealing with these matters. We are not doing much better at home. A major share of the blame must be borne by those who constantly plead for impunity. Nonetheless in Vietnam less was done to punish individual crime than could have been done. For this our Army command bears a heavy responsibility.

These statistics confirm the suspicion that the case of Lieutenant Colonel Anthony Herbert illustrates a pervasive Army attitude. The Colonel tried to have some particularly horrid war crimes investigated. The Army promptly tried to get rid of him—not of those he accused of failure to investigate war crimes. The military inclination to cover up—to do nothing beyond trying to discourage publicity, and to reward those who make no waves, however corrupt or criminal, is neither new nor unique. All institutions do as the Army does. The Defense Department, in this respect, does not differ from the Welfare Department. Both whitewash themselves and blackball their critics, external or internal.

What should be done? Some people propose to make the judicial branch altogether independent of the command, which now convenes courts and reviews sentences. I do not think this would be useful. There are two essential differences between military and civilian society. 1) Military society exists for one specific purpose—defense—whereas civilian society admits of a multiplicity of purposes. 2) Military commanders are responsible for the conduct of their men. For both these reasons they must have ultimate disciplinary power over them. An independent judiciary has many advantages and is essential to civilian society. But discipline is the problem and fighting the function of military society. An independent judiciary has not greatly contributed to discipline in civilian society, and would help neither that, nor the fighting efficiency of the military.

Nonetheless some reforms are in order.

1. At present, every sentence of a military court is automatically reviewed by at least three superior authorities. Such reviews should not be automatic. They should occur only on appeal. This would give to the court of original jurisdiction the same responsibility such courts have in civilian life.

2. All reviewing authorities have the power to reduce, but not to increase sentences. The first two authorities to review a case on appeal should have the power only to recommend changes (or confirmation) of sentences, without themselves being able to change the court's sentence.

3. Reviewing authorities should be able to recommend increases in sentences if the prosecutor has appealed and decreases if the defense has (either, if both have appealed). The last reviewing authority (before the President) alone should be able to change sentences or confirm them. The major effect of these reforms would be to simplify the system, and to cause it to be less rigged in favor of the defendant.

Another reform is even more important. The military judiciary should continue to be part of the defense establishment, and to report to theater commanders. But there is no reason why the prosecution must. As long as it does, the prosecution, particularly outside the United States, and in actual theaters of war, is unlikely to be zealous in the prosecution of crimes that involve the activity or negligence of high officers and which injure persons outside the military establishment. Hence while the theater command still should be the convening authority for military courts, investigations should depend on the prosecutor's office. As long as war-crime reports go "through channels," i.e., from field grade officers up through the command, they are likely to be pigeonholed, ignored and hushed up. That is why the prosecution should be independent of commanders. Prosecutors should be a part of the U.S. Attorney General's staff.

Who's Responsible?

Commanders are responsible for what they command. If "free fire zones" are a crime, those who ordered them are criminals. If mass relocation is a crime, those who ordered it are criminals. Commanders are also responsible for crimes they cause indirectly. Lt. James Duffy blurted out that he believed that the official policy of an enemy "body count" suggested to him that he should bring in bodies even if they had surrendered. He was supported by the testimony of other officers in his unit. If his allegation was true, commanders would share in the responsibility; indeed, would shoulder directly the blame for allowing their orders to be so interpreted; subsequently for failing to correct such a misinterpretation.

In effect, then, the command bears responsibility for orders that a) were criminal, or that b) were likely to lead to avoidable crime; and for c) failing to issue and enforce orders to prevent crime.

The responsibility of commanders does not exonerate subordinates altogether. If the "body count" policy was as Lt. Duffy alleged, this would have caused it to be criminal. But Lt. Duffy should have known that, regardless of orders, the shooting of a prisoner for no other reason than to augment the "body count" was unlawful. He was himself responsible for his crime whatever he was "ordered" to do. His allegations serve only as extenuating, and, if true, are grounds for holding commanders responsible not in place of Duffy, but in addition to Duffy.

On the other hand, if the designation of free fire zones (for artillery) or free strike zones (for aircraft) is to be considered a crime, the commanders who made the designations are presumptively those responsible. Surely not the pilots who bomb these zones—they could not know that their orders were

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generally unlawful. Indeed lawyers are not agreed on this point. Soldiers must carry out orders. It is only in the case of obvious and clear-cut unlawfulness that they can refuse, let alone be required to do so.

What about the legality of free fire (or strike) zones then? Are they categorically unlawful? I think not. But in designating them, immoral and illegal acts can occur. In Vietnam, not enough effort was made to avoid them.

Some Questions

A free fire or free strike zone is an area where, by agreement between the South Vietnamese government and the U.S. command, the population is to be evacuated. Anything that remains, is presumed to be engaged in giving sustenance to guerrillas and may then be destroyed; anyone found there may be assumed to be a VC. The right of the South Vietnamese government to institute such a "scorched earth" policy, and to relocate its population, cannot be denied. The American allies who bomb the evacuated area at the request, or with the consent of the South Vietnamese authorities, do not violate international law.

If the territory in question were enemy territory the situation might be different. Actually I see no way of so defining it. However some lawyers insist that the South Vietnamese territory in question should be legally considered as hostile. The inhabitants then would be "protected persons" under international law. This, they argue, would permit temporary evacuation, but not the destruction of villages merely to deny the enemy possible sustenance. Without going into the legal subleties I would deny the applicability of the Geneva Convention. Although partially and temporarily controlled by the enemy, the territory in question remains part of South Vietnam. The inhabitants are subject to South Vietnamese law. Unless they actually bear arms for the enemy, international laws, applying to hostile populations and territory, do not apply to them. Further I do not see where international law, if it were applicable, prohibits free strike or free fire zones even in enemy territory when they can be justified by military necessity—as is the case in a guerrilla war—and when only comparatively small areas are devastated.

Was the strategy useful? Did it lead to a net advantage, an advantage which more than offsets the political disadvantages? Sometimes, yes. Most of the time advantage seems doubtful.

There remains the moral question. Were the military advantages achieved, or expected, in any reasonable proportion to the suffering inflicted? Here we cannot hide behind the South Vietnamese government. The moral responsibility must be shared by us. Finally, in carrying out the policy, was everything militarily possible done to mitigate and minimize suffering?

Given the military necessity to devastate an area, did we always make sure that the inhabitants were evacuated? Unfortunately the answer must be no. By warning the residents, necessarily we would warn the VC hidden among them as well. But this price we should have paid. Usually we relied on the South Vietnamese government which in turn did not do all that could be done to warn and evacuate the local residents. Often we distributed leaflets to an illiterate population. Or, having warned the population, we did not provide enough means for timely evacuation. Lives were lost through negligence and inefficiency, above all through indifference. Evacuation procedures were sloppy, inefficient and insensitive; and the "body count" did not differentiate between killed peasants and killed guerrillas. There is little doubt that "free strike," and less often "free fire zones," were overextended.

In relying on the Vietnamese government to protect the interests and the lives of the local inhabitants the American command acted as though the Vietnamese government was representative of these local interests. Naïvely, or stupidly, the assumption was made that what is true in America must be true in Vietnam. Yet quite obviously it is not. However representative the central Vietnamese government may be of South Vietnam as a whole, Vietnamese regional commanders, or administrators, represent the central government, and not local interests. Vietnam is a country of multifarious customs, religions, ideologies, policies and power structures. They have in common only that they are all equally strange to us. The idea that the central Vietnamese government would protect the interest of local *montagnards* (mountain tribes) that have as little in common with the Vietnamese as with the Americans is absurd. This was obvious enough to be grasped even by the military mind.

The military bureaucratic mismanagement in Vietnam was costly to all concerned. But it was not particularly malicious. Anyone living in New York City can see similar bureaucratic stupidity every day. Except that the bureaucracies do not wield the power the military has wielded in Vietnam. Thus, in New York, they only cost money, in Vietnam, lives. To the dead and to their survivors it can be no comfort that they were killed by stupidity and indifference rather than malice aforethought. Yet in judging those at fault the nature of the fault must be weighed.

We acted as though the Vietnamese government had the moral—as distinguished from the legal—right to decide whether our request to evacuate the free strike zone was a good idea. And to compound matters we then acted as though the Vietnamese would take good care of the refugees our operation created. As though we did not know that the little money available would line the pockets of politicians without ever reaching the refugees it was supposed to help.

Our Mistakes

Our basic mistake, recurrent throughout our Vietnam activities, was inconsistency. We did not take full responsibility for what we were bringing about; we did not make sure of every part of our operations. We left large parts to the Vietnamese government. We felt it was their responsibility. Either we should have left far more of the military as well as of the non-military operations to the Vietnamese—or we should have performed the civilian operations that became necessary as a result of our military operations. The first course required more patience than our military leaders showed. It also involved great risks. But in the long run it might have been the best policy. The second course would have required a more forthright and less bureaucratic attitude than the military seems capable of. So we compromised. We did the bombing, they would deal with the refugees. As though we did not know the result. We closed our eyes to it. Nobody really dealt with the refugees—at least not in a reasonable fashion.

Much of the misery created by free strike zones could not have been avoided if free strike zones are a military necessity, as some undoubtedly

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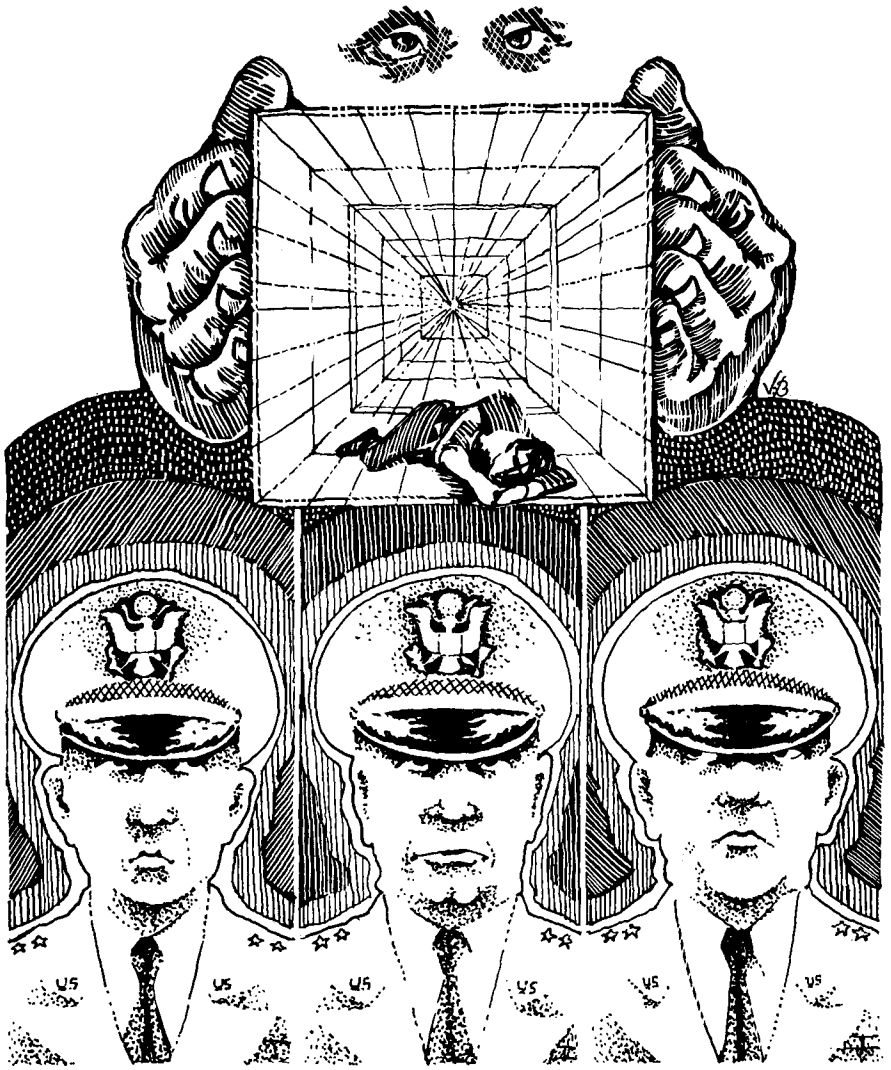
were. But many casualties and much suffering could have been avoided had we made the necessary effort. The command failed by not thinking matters through realistically.

A crime? I don't think so. Unless stupidity and insensibility are. If they were, most of the bureaucracies and most of the armies of the world would be in jail. Nonetheless, stupidity, so largely owing to indifference, can be immoral. Here it certainly was. Perhaps certain types of avoidable stupidities greatly injurious to third persons should be made into crimes.

We relied too much on our aerial superiority and, generally, on our superiority in weapons and in our advanced technology. We cherished the belief—utterly mistaken—that somehow this superiority might take the place of, or at least diminish the need for, down-to-earth slugging. We even infected the South Vietnamese army with this belief and corrupted the ARVN into our own excessive reliance on bombs and gadgets. We clung to our belief in technological superiority as a panacea long after it was proven wrong in Vietnam. Thus a reasonable asset turned into a liability. Excessive faith in technology may well have been at the root of our military failure and this faith may have caused avoidable death and destruction in free strike zones.

Some have spoken of genocide in this connection. An international convention, never ratified by us, was to define "genocide" as a crime. Had we ratified this convention it would have outlawed, by international treaty, which becomes domestic law in the U.S., governmental attempts—such as the Nazis had made—to destroy racial, cultural or religious groups.

Figures on civilian and enemy casualties are more or less informed guesses. It seems likely however that more than 300,000 South Vietnamese civilians have been killed in the war. Yet there is no reason to believe that it was our intent at any time to exterminate the Vietnamese. Nor is there any evidence of such an attempt. Finally it cannot be said that our actions had this effect unintentionally: since 1960 the South Vietnamese population has increased by two million—more than 13 per cent. The ravages of war not only did not decrease the population but failed to prevent its growth. The Vietnam war is tragic enough without ill-fitting clichés and irrelevant analyses. There was no



intent to exterminate or limit the population; and nothing of the kind occured. Genocide certainly does not describe our actions in Vietnam correctly. Whether the term is used legally, morally or colloquially, it only confuses the actual issues.

Benign Neglect

What about defoliation and other means of achieving military purposes by altering vegetation?

The dense jungle gives natural cover to guerrillas. Therefore, chemicals have been sprayed by plane to defoliate areas in which troops or convoys may be ambushed. This deprives guerrillas of hiding places and enhances visibility for troops. Defoliation usually lasts for six months; if repeated often it lasts somewhat longer. There is no evidence of significant long-run damage or significant reduction of productivity: as I am writing, South Vietnam is harvesting the largest rice crop in its history, despite war, devastation and defoliation.

There is some suspicion that the chemicals used for defoliation enter various foods indirectly and finally the human body. This process in turn is suspected of causing a higher frequency of birth defects than would normally occur. Too little is known to deny or affirm this possibility with certainty. We should have done more than we did to ascertain the facts by means of experiment. However, our neglect has little to do with Vietnam. It was not directed at Vietnam. It is a general habit we seem to have. Thus we neglected to find out much about DDT and other insecticides before we used them widely in the United States. We did not suspend spraying, despite considerable controversy over long-range genetic effects. In short, we have treated the Vietnamese no better, but also no worse, than ourselves. Which may not be good enough; but it certainly does not amount to a war crime.

It is notorious that in many instances the South Vietnamese have treated prisoners badly. By no means always: the

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South Vietnamese government has a program of persuading prisoners to change sides. It could not get far if prisoners were always mistreated. But it has been quite successful. Further 90 per cent of wounded North Vietnamese prisoners have refused to go back to North Vietnam in International Red Cross-supervised exchanges. They would scarcely have refused had they felt ill-treated. On the other hand there are well documented instances of prisoners tortured by the South Vietnamese to extract information.

Prisoners and the Law

Are we legally responsible for this? And morally? To the extent to which we could have prevented the mistreatment of prisoners captured by us and turned over to the South Vietnamese we remain legally responsible under American military law. Under international law we are responsible for the mistreatment of North Vietnamese prisoners captured by us, even if inflicted by others to whom the prisoners have been turned over. We are responsible as long as we did know of or could have known, or prevented, mistreatment. However, if the prisoners are South Vietnamese mistreated by the South Vietnamese forces it is arguable whether they are protected by international law, or by American military law, or neither.

1. The South Vietnamese guerrillas are South Vietnamese citizens, and their mistreatment at the hands of the South Vietnamese government is no more subject to international law than the treatment of Chinese by the Chinese government. International law is relevant mainly to the North Vietnamese soldiers. But it seems that the mistreatment is directed at the South Vietnamese.

2. For the South Vietnamese guerrillas to be recognized as a party in a civil war, they would have to fulfill requirements established by international conventions. If followed, these requirements would entitle them to full protection when captured. If they do not fulfill these requirements, guerrillas cannot claim international recognition as hostile forces. When captured they can be treated by the capturing forces according to domestic law. They may be lawfully executed as rebels.

To enjoy the protection of international law the South Vietnamese guerrillas would have to be commanded by officers responsible for their units; they would have to bear weapons openly; and they would have to wear insignia (if not uniforms) conspicuous enough to distinguish them from the noncombatant population. They don't. They are therefore not protected by international law.

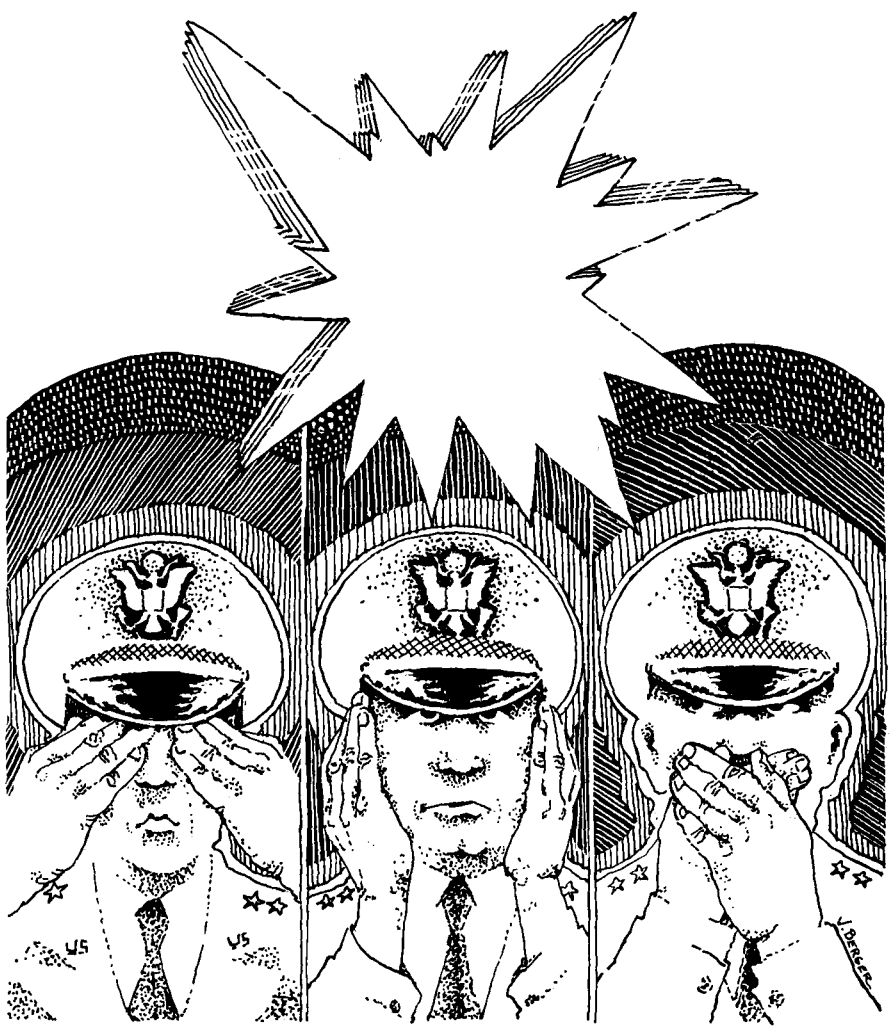
3. This is not to say that the South Vietnamese government is entitled to punish guerrillas without due process of law, let alone that we have such a right. It is to say though, that the problem is entirely domestic, to be dealt with by the South Vietnamese government.

Unquestionably there have been instances of mistreatment for which moral responsibility must be shared between American and South Vietnamese forces. Their frequency is hard to assess. The evidence is anecdotal.

It should be noted here that the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese have repudiated the Geneva Convention. We have not. Their repudiation does not nullify either their or our obligation to conform generally to the laws and customs of war. But the matter does fall exclusively within domestic jurisdiction.

Although the guerrillas try to merge with the population, and make it hard for the government to identify them, and although they thereby renounce the protection of international law, the government's retaliation remains limited by moral, political and legal criteria. It would be morally wrong to execute guerrillas for fighting against soldiers. Guerrillas who throw bombs at civilian targets or try to assassinate individuals are something else again. They may well be treated as murderers according to the relevant domestic legislation.

Once they have in effect renounced the protection of international law, the treatment of captive guerrillas engaged in fighting government troops may well be influenced by the way they treat government troops or adherents whom they capture. There has been savagery on both sides. And both sides—including the allies of the South Vietnamese government—remain responsible for that part of it which either cannot be justified by military necessity or violates elementary rules of conduct universally recognized. □



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NADER'S CORNER

Some Air Pollution Myths

RICHARD B. CARROLL

Gas masks in 1980? Panting for oxygen in 1990? The American public is being bombarded by a mass of information—and misinformation—on air pollution. Many of the so-called problems have been overstated and over-publicized. So, as with the Dallas Cowboys, the game calls for a Doomsday Defense against the prophets of imminent environmental catastrophe.

First of all, the condition of the air is by no means deteriorating all over the United States. Take, for example, suspended (floating) dust: Is it increasing or decreasing? The concentration of suspended dust breathed by man in urban areas in the U.S. decreased between 1957 and 1966. Moreover, at eight airports serving large metropolitan areas, visibility restrictions caused by smoke or smoke-with-haze decreased 82 per cent between 1945 and 1965. And there are other examples, although air-quality standards now being adopted require a further decrease of dust. Non-urban areas have shown but a minuscule increase in suspended dust—far below the maximum allowed by new standards. Are emissions from industry the culprits in these areas? Hardly. A report by federal investigators relates the typical non-urban seasonal pattern (peak dust in summer) "to the cyclical farming activities, increased vacationing at resorts outside urban areas, and increased camping activities with the summer months."

The air-pollution problem is usually dramatized in terms of the tonnage of emissions in the air. But the amounts of emissions by themselves are not a true measure of air pollution. Air *quality* resulting from emissions must be compared with reasonable air-quality standards. The book *Air Pollution*, published by the World Health Organization, says: "The air one breathes need not be in a pristine state for the purpose of maintaining good health." The situation can be likened to standards of quality of milk. When the bacteria count is below a certain standard count, the milk is satisfactory and can be safely consumed. No one insists to the dairyman that the milk be purified further if it already meets the standards of purity.

The atmosphere has a great capacity for accepting and diffusing pollutants without causing objectionable conditions. Therefore pollution emissions must be judged by where and how they are discharged into the atmosphere, how they react in the atmosphere, and how they are diluted to produce varying states of air quality. Then, this resulting air quality must be compared with unobjectionable concentrations, as defined by air-quality standards, to determine the effects of emissions on man and his property.

Recent data (1968) indicate that transportation now contributes 42.3 per cent of air-pollution emissions. Automobiles account for 39 per cent. However this emission statistic is not the whole story. The accompanying table shows, in part, the recently established air-quality standards of the Federal Government's Environmental Protection Agency. Approximately 70 per cent of the emissions from autos are carbon monoxide, but automobiles contribute only a small amount of sulfur oxides and particulate matter to the atmosphere. It is clear from the table that unobjectionable and allowable concentrations of carbon monoxide in the air are far higher than from the other pollutants listed. These are discharged from different sources—for the most part. The automobile industry has been correct in emphasizing the overriding importance of air *quality*, rather than the often misleading emission data.

I have stated above that we must judge pollution emissions by where and how they are discharged and subsequently diluted in the atmosphere. A tall stack is an extremely useful device for reducing concentrations where pollution affects people and property. As indicated in a federal report on air-pollution control technology, "assuming the same emission rate, ground-level concentration is less with a tall stack than with a short one." Nor does a tall stack necessarily dump higher concentrations on someone else farther away.

Pollution problems in many areas are primarily caused by myriad small sources close to the ground, e.g., space heating. Waste gases from these sources often are only mixed in a relatively shallow layer of the atmosphere, close to the ground. Therefore, concentrations in the air breathed by man are far higher than from an equivalent amount discharged from a tall power-plant stack.

One of the plausible questions which invariably comes up in discussing tall stacks relates to the build-up of pollutants (sulfur dioxide, for example) in the atmosphere: How much will there be over the long term? The expected atmospheric residence time for individual sulfur compounds is no more than a few days, and the indications are that there is not a build-up of sulfur dioxide. In fact, a reasonable case can be made for these concentrations' decreasing.

The annual cost of air pollution has been estimated at $65 a person—a national total of $11 billion. These figures have been drummed into the public consciousness over the past few years by the media. As reported at the Third National Conference on Air Pollution (1966), the apparent source for this figure is a 1959 extrapolation from Pittsburgh data dealing primarily with

NATIONAL PRIMARY AIR-QUALITY STANDARDS*

Carbon Monoxide	10,000 micrograms per cubic meter—maximum 8-hour concentration. (1 million micrograms equal 1 gram.)
Sulfur Oxides	365 micrograms per cubic meter—maximum 24-hour concentration.
Particulate matter (Dust)	260 micrograms per cubic meter—maximum 24-hour concentration.

**All values not to be exceeded more than once per year.*

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smoke damage. The $11 billion comes from multiplying the per-capita value derived from these Pittsburgh data by the national population in 1958. (The data were collected by the Mellon Institute in 1913.)

THERE ARE other views that the annual damage from air pollution is less than $11 billion. And there is a possibility, of course, that an objective evaluation might yield an even larger sum. In any event, it would be appropriate to stop citing these 1913 Pittsburgh figures.

The costs of unpolluting are difficult to assess, but Senator Edmund Muskie has indicated that they will be massive. In the end the consumer foots the bill. As a nation we should not shrink from meeting those pollution-control costs that are needed to give us satisfactorily clean air based on prudent standards. Frequent overstatements on air pollution, however, have led to the enactment of questionably harsh regulations. It's like establishing a ten-mile an hour speed limit on the Kansas Turnpike. Although we obviously want to keep the birds singing, we have to keep the economy humming, too.

A case in point is the antisulfur regulations being imposed throughout the nation to combat pollution from sulfur dioxide. Low-sulfur fuel is needed in some areas, mostly for space heating, to meet air-quality standards. In areas where air quality is already satisfactory, enactment of low-sulfur fuel regulations is not required and adds unnecessary increases to fuel and electric bills. Low-sulfur regulations are a major factor in the current energy shortage. The continued promulgation of such rules will aggravate this shortage. It is clearly contrary to the public interest to require, unnecessarily, the use of low-sulfur fuel. Such misspent funds could be used more sensibly, say, in educating our children. As Secretary of Commerce Maurice Stans has recently stated: "We must be careful not to saddle the consumer with costs far beyond the value of environmental improvements."

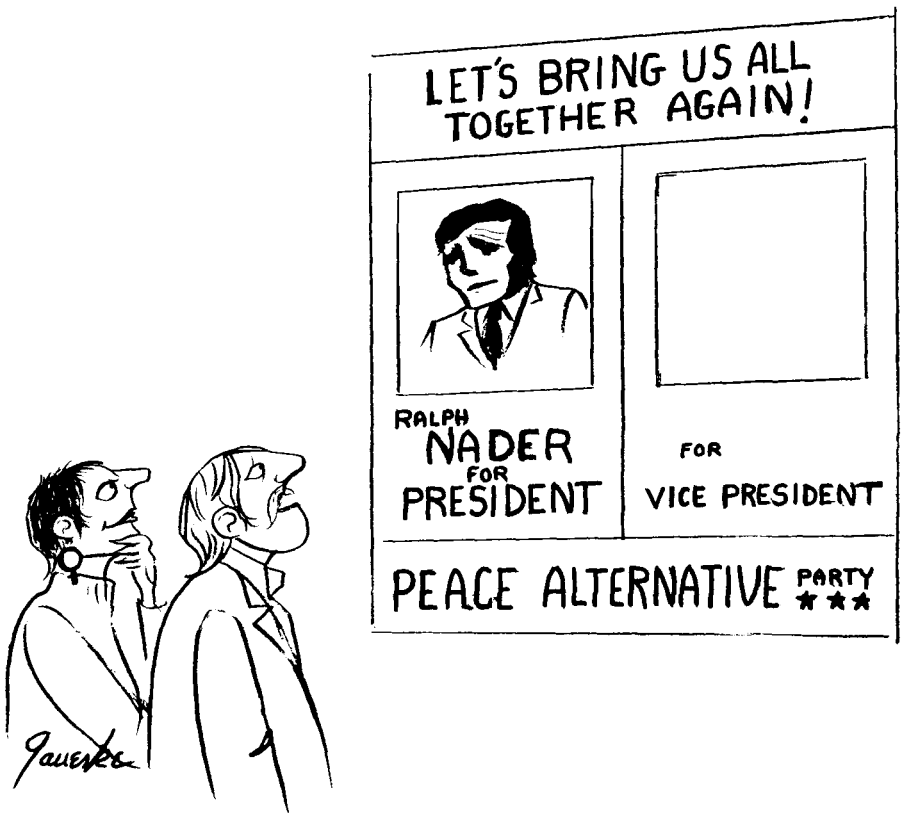
Recent fanciful pronouncements that atmospheric oxygen is decreasing have struck unnecessary fear into many hearts. It has been postulated that atmospheric oxygen might decrease because of the death from herbicides of oxygen-producing organisms in the oceans, and because of the oxygen-consuming combustion of fuels necessary for the production of energy. The hucksters of fear notwithstanding, the change in atmospheric oxygen since 1910 has been either very small or nil, as reported by two distinguished scientists in the Federal Government. Moreover, combustion of the world's known recoverable reserves of fossil fuels would lower oxygen only slightly—from 20.95 currently to 20.8 per cent. This information should quiet the unjustified fears of dissipation of life-supporting oxygen.

BESIDES CAUSING unnecessary concern, exaggerated and unsupported claims concerning air pollution have the effect of promoting precipitous—and often unwise—abatement actions. In dealing with some current environment problems we must be careful not to create other, perhaps still worse, problems. One example among several that could be cited is substituting natural gas for gasoline. This switch is being considered in some places. Given the vastly greater fire and explosion hazards of natural gas, however, this would clearly be jumping from the frying pan into the fire. Consider in this regard the explosion in the Indianapolis Coliseum in 1963 that took 75 lives: Gas accumulated from a leak or a discharge from cylinders of propane that were being used to heat popcorn.

By almost everybody's scorecard there are indeed national air-pollution problems requiring correction. The swinging pendulum of public opinion, based on facts as well as myths, means the nation is faced with rapidly escalating costs for air-pollution control at a time of rising and stiffening foreign competition. Ecology and the economy are not independent.

There is a definite need to weigh the benefits that will accrue to the public against the enormous costs of air-pollution control. Unchecked, the myths of air pollution will result in still greater costs and unwise decisions. An unnecessary fear is being created—particularly among the young—from the dramatization of these myths. □

Richard B. Carroll is the pen name of a scientist with 28 years of experience in meteorology and air-pollution abatement.



"So much for the consumer vote. Now, if we can get Charles Reich to balance the ticket, we'll have the non-consumer vote."

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FROM ALTARS TO TABLES

New Defenders of the Old Mass

DOUGLAS BROWN

WHILE THE Roman Church undergoes its agonies of self-reappraisal, it is left largely to outsiders to point to the effect of this ecclesiastical revolution on the general cultural fabric of the West. Shrill theological controversies among the devout have hitherto obscured the fact that, in the secular sphere, something once taken for granted as a central point of reference in all the arts will disappear before the end of the year; but now a group of quite untheological people have tumbled to what is going on.

From Britain a variegated selection of leaders of the intelligentsia, including such figures as Kenneth Clark, Robert Graves, F. R. Leavis, Yehudi Menuhin, William Plomer and the Poet Laureate, have joined with a few committed Roman Catholics to send a plea to the Pope that he should rescue from oblivion what they call the "Roman Catholic Mass."

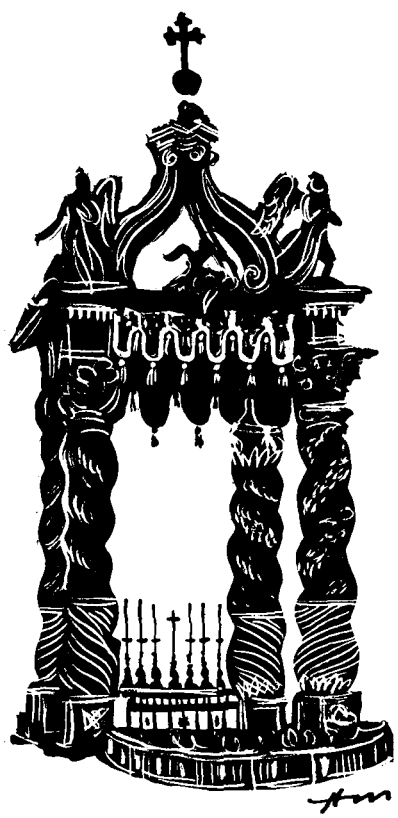
Their terminology is inexact, for there will assuredly always be a Roman Catholic Mass of some kind. They mean the Tridentine Mass of 1570, a careful compilation of various slightly differing medieval Latin rites.

Some of the ancient texts of this Mass which, in essence, dates back at least to the sixth century, have now been radically revised in Rome, supposedly in an attempt to make the liturgy, as now translated into various vernaculars, more intelligible to modern man. This has led to bitter doctrinal controversy within the Church itself.

Yet it is not on spiritual or dogmatic grounds that the present memorialists urge that the old order should not be entirely discarded. They take their stand as heirs of a millenary culture who believe that it is about to have one of its nerve centers atrophied. Many devotees will agree that they speak wiser than they know.

The Roman Mass, as we used to regard it, was an art-form intended to express, in perpetuity, the ineffable mystery of the Redemption. Its precise ceremonies could be performed with as much dignity in the simplest village church as in the most magnificent cathedral. On ordinary occasions the greater part of the service proceeded in a blessed silence; on bigger occasions choral music was used in a human attempt to fill that silence worthily. The new order of the Mass, on the contrary, is not only deprived of any overriding ceremonial pattern, but has to be said aloud, often in a pathetically inadequate translation from the Latin, with the congregation constrained to take an active part.

From a religious point of view, the distinction is between public prayer as



an act of worship on the one hand and as an effort at communal self-improvement on the other. On this aspect of the matter the signatories of the letter presume to make no judgment. Their concern is to point out that if the former sacred drama ceases to be part of the living tradition of Western Christendom, the vast cultural heritage surrounding it will lapse into mere antiquarianism. To them the suggestion of Monsignor John Humphreys, Secretary of the English Liturgical Commission, that it should be performed on occasion in "old people's homes" over a concessionary period of five or ten years, is not enough.

This season's holidaymakers will already have observed that the great cathedrals of the Continent, with the High Altar deserted in favor of a lowly table, have begun to assume the character of soulless architectural museums. The paintings of Old Masters, in unused side chapels, now seem to belong more to an art gallery than to a church. And even the immortal Mass settings of Bach and Beethoven, if divorced in men's minds from a living liturgy, will soon be thought of as concert pieces like any other.

THE OLD MASS, in essence unchanged, has stood at the heart of human creative endeavor for 1,400 years. From Romanesque to Gothic to Baroque; from Giotto to Michelangelo to Rubens; from plainsong to polyphony, from Monteverdi to Verdi—and also in great literature—there has been no escaping it. Since the Reformation, indeed, its influence has persisted outside the Roman communion. Tomorrow, in our own St. Paul's Cathedral, Walton's *Missa Brevis* will be sung in acknowledgement of the underlying unity of Western Christendom. But if the central tradition dies, will we not look differently upon such modern expressions of it?

One cannot help asking why, after so many centuries, the tradition should be coming to an abrupt end just when it is most needed as a link between the past, the present and eternity. The Second Vatican Council laid down a few mild guidelines for liturgical reform but, since it dispersed, faceless hatchetmen in Rome have got silently to work. There has been no popular demand for what they have done; the tree has been lopped while no one was looking.

The whole transaction bears the stamp of an age when anarchic values appear in the most unexpected places. "Things fall apart; the center cannot hold." But what if the center collapses first? *Ite, missa est.* □

Reprinted from the *Sunday Telegram* (London), July 11, 1971.

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ON CAMPUS AND OFF

Segregation Comes to Columbia

FREDERICK K. LOWELL

MOST PEOPLE are familiar with the events which took place on the Columbia University campus in the spring of 1968, and considerable press attention has been focused on the student mood since. With the U.S. invasion of Cambodia in the spring of 1970, for example, scores of newspapermen and television reporters poured onto the Columbia campus for fear that they might miss a political proclamation or overlook a stray fragment of youthful idealism. Yet, in the midst of all this attention, it seems strange that the media should pass over one of the more telling and significant situations to exist on a college campus in some time: the granting of a segregated college facility.

One Columbia student recently remarked: "The Malcolm X Liberation Center could only happen at someplace like Columbia." This remains to be seen, but the Liberation Center, located on the ground floor of Hartley Hall (a dormitory) is indeed unique. On April 20, 1970 a group of black Columbia students seized the Navy ROTC offices in Hartley to press the demand for a black lounge which, the blacks claimed, was necessary in view of "the racist nature of the American society," and which would serve "black dormitory residents and their guests."

The seizure was immediately called "illegal" by the Columbia dean's office, but this meant little since many administrators and deans supported the concept of a black center, including the dean of the college. Within a month the administration granted the lounge to the blacks retroactively. The Undergraduate Dormitory Council supported this decision. Little note seemed to be taken of the fact that 1) the offices had been illegally seized to begin with, 2) the proposed lounge was an obvious attempt to create a segregated facility, and 3) a black group already *had* an office in Columbia's student center, Ferris Booth Hall.

It was not long before the lounge idea caught on. By the spring of 1971 two other student groups, one Latin and the other Asian, demanded separate lounges as minority groups in need of a refuge. By this time, the administration recognized a need to "draw the line," but no one knew when or where the line would be drawn.

The Malcolm X Liberation Center was de facto segregated, something that everyone knew but no one dared mention. But by late April 1971 several students decided that the situation had gone too far. They were members of Students for Columbia (SCU), a student group dedicated to the principles of academic freedom. The SCU was taking on a tricky issue, one that nearly everyone had been carefully avoiding.

SCU decided to replay the civil-rights movement, in reverse. After all, if the great liberal universities could send scores of volunteers to Alabama and Mississippi in the early 1960s, how could an academic community refuse to blot out racism and segregation in its own backyard?

THE FIRST STEP was to prove that the Malcolm X Liberation Center was in fact segregated. This was accomplished by a simple test. Three white SCU members tried to enter the lounge one night and were physically thrown out. So much for the test.

The attempted entry upset Columbia officials. Dean Carl F. Hovde felt that the SCU action was in "bad taste" although he did admit that the attitude of the blacks in Hartley Hall left something to be desired.

The blacks' attitude did not improve after the SCU action. This was especially evident in a prepared statement they issued:

> There is no exclusive entry policy concerning the Liberation Center. The Liberation Center is open to all Black students, Black staff, and Black workers. The Center is also open to Black students and their guests . . . A guest can be defined as someone who shares a common culture, heritage, color consciousness and is a son or daughter of Africa. . . .

Meanwhile, a group of Columbia homosexuals could see no reason why they should not have a lounge of their own, and, given the administration policy, neither could a great many other people. A group of conservative students, led by Richard Macksoud, demanded a lounge. "On the Columbia campus, conservatives are an oppressed minority," Macksoud said. "We demand a lounge for conservative students and conservative members of the community."

At this writing, the Columbia administration seems ready to grant two additional lounges, for the Asians and the Latins respectively, but not for the homosexuals. To this writer's knowledge, the conservative lounge has not even been considered. Although the administration has come out against segregated lounges, it is obvious that once a lounge has been granted, it is difficult to keep it open to everyone.

Columbia's policy of selective apartheid could create legal problems for the University. An official from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare has said that if the black lounge is found to be segregated, and if the issue is not resolved, Columbia will have violated the civil-rights laws and could risk losing federal funds. Several students have expressed a willingness to sue the University.

MORE SIGNIFICANT than any suit, however, is the hypocrisy which has once again been revealed at Columbia. When George Wallace stood in front of a school building to prevent people of a different color from entering, he was labeled a racist. Yet when the blacks at Columbia do the same thing, the very academics who expressed horror at Wallace tell us that we must be "understanding" when it comes to black racism.

The point is that segregation has no place on a university campus, and one is amazed that the great liberal academic community, champions of integration in the past, do not understand this. □

Frederick K. Lowell was graduated from Columbia this past June. He was President of Students for Columbia University and was the instigator of the challenge described above.

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LETTER FROM LONDON

Demon Drink Rides Again

COLM BROGAN

THE TORY GOVERNMENT is now about to embark on a piece of uncompromising antisocialist legislation by selling off the pubs of Carlisle to private bidders. This will end a fifty-year experiment in state control of the Demon Drink. It was introduced as an emergency measure in the First World War and outlived the Second, surviving like the Martello towers on the coast, which were erected to foil the invasion plans of the Corsican Ogre. It was an interesting survival from the great days of the Liberal Party.

I had my first contact with the Carlisle experiment about thirty years ago when I stopped at Carlisle between trains on my way south from Scotland. It has the look of a provincial capital, which it is, but on a small scale. The ruined castle and the cathedral close to the railway station are pleasant enough and old enough, but unimpressive in size. It is the kind of town in which you never forget the surrounding countryside, which is to say it has the feel of a village.

It was a beautiful day and, as I had time to spend before I caught my connection south, I walked down the main street looking for a place where I could get a beer and some lunch. I saw a pub that looked promising and went up to the counter to order a beer. The barmaid who served me asked me to take my glass over to a table. The request and the way she made it gave me the first uneasy suspicion that all was not well with this jovial hostelry. She lacked the brassy geniality which marks some barmaids and the prim gentility which marks those others who want to show they were born for higher things. She pulled the beer like one making a concession to human weakness and making it clear that it was a concession. She looked less like Mine Hostess than a slightly bossy social worker.

From my seat I surveyed a thoroughly lackluster scene. The empty bar looked uninviting, and the customers sitting glumly at tables seemed to have nothing to say. The walls were bare of the usual bright advertisements for cigarettes and drinks and saucy pin-ups of half-dressed popsies. In their place, there were tasteful and elevating pictures. One that particularly struck me was a picture of a steelworks, an instructive example of socialist realism. The beer was lousy.

In my depression I sought for the correct phrase to describe the scene. "Primly macabre," was about the most appropriate I could think of. When a grey-haired workingman sat at my table I asked, "When are they going to bring the corpse in?" He agreed at once that nothing more was required for a good-going wake and added it was always like this, in state pubs.

State pubs. All was explained. I had clean forgotten about the state scheme and had come to the scene with an innocent, unprejudiced eye. Much later, I was to do a quite extensive pub crawl in Carlisle, but that only confirmed my first, unprompted vision of the Soul of Man under Socialism.

Lloyd George was the author of this scheme. It must be said he had some reason for trying to do something. The production of munitions was suffering heavily from drunkenness. At Lloyd George's suggestion the King went teetotal for the duration of the War. He was understandably miffed when other public figures applauded the gesture but showed no disposition to imitate it. The King had offered himself as the sacrificial lamb, but found he was the goat. Like his grandmother, he was not amused

CARLISLE WAS a particularly black spot. A large munitions plant had been put up at Gretna, where the marriages come from. It is not a romantic place, in spite of its reputation. In fact, it is a small dull place where there is nothing to do except get married. The invading force of town-bred workers were not matrimonially inclined. They resembled the great gangs of rowdies who terrified the country during the great period of railway construction. The new invaders had money, no domestic ties and nothing to do, so they made for Carlisle at every convenient opportunity. The scenes were awe-inspiring. They crowded the pubs five or six deep round the bar, money and drinks passing backward and forward overhead. When the pub ran dry they vomited out into the street and many of them lay there, the world forgetting, by the world forgot. The English had a gruesome exhibition of Scotch drinking at its best, or worst. Production of munitions suffered severely in many parts of Britain, but in Gretna the loss became intolerable.

Various efforts were made to curb the drinking craze. Hours of pub opening were restricted, so that for hours every day it was impossible to get a drink at all and "when do they open?" became the first question to be asked by any visitor. Those limited hours are with us yet. Treating was also forbidden. It was illegal to stand a man a drink. This rule was quite impossible to enforce.

In two areas, Carlisle and district, and part of the Cromarty Firth, Lloyd George decided to give the Demon Drink the kiss of death. The pubs were nationalized under a governing board and a state brewery was set up.

It was no doubt hoped that the scheme would be extended if it proved popular, for the Liberals had a mighty hatred of the brewers. The brewers who were very rich owned most of the pubs and through them exercised a good deal of political influence. The Liberal Party relied heavily on the nonconformist vote which formed the bulk of the Temperance (teetotal) movement. For that reason the brewers were solid Tory and the publicans were their willing constituency agents.

"Damn his eyes whoever tries
To rob the poor man of his beer."

To which the Temperance movement replied that with no beer there would be no poor.

"There'll be work for every boy and
we'll all get double pay
When the pubs are closed for ever
and the Drink is swept away." →

Colm Brogan, who has appeared in NATIONAL REVIEW *for a dozen years or more, was galvanized into instant action when he heard that the pubs in Carlisle are to be denationalized.*

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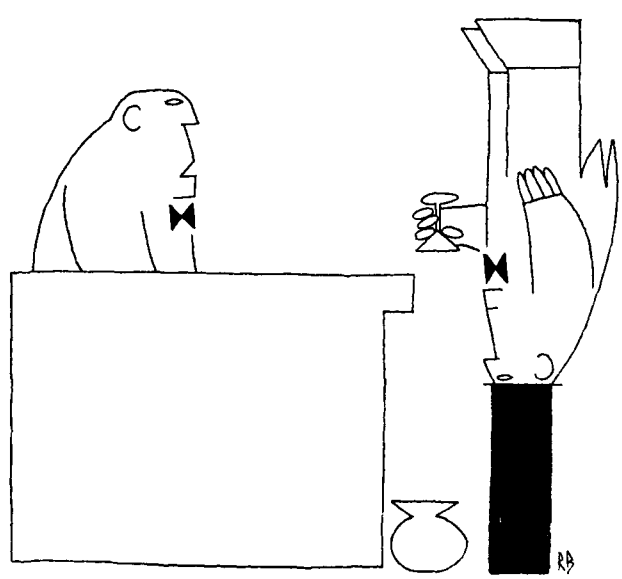
The leaders of the Liberal Party were not, themselves, teetotal (Asquith was not called Squiff for nothing), but they were death on the brewers, who gave great financial support and other assistance to the Tory Party. George Younger, said to be the best party manager since Dundas, was a brewer and a man of mighty influence in Tory counsels. The fact that he was prime minister of a coalition government deterred Lloyd George from an outright attack on the brewers as the sordid paymasters of the Tory enemy, but under the guise of war necessity he made indirect attacks on them. He cut down the amount of grain imported for brewing, then cut it again. He privately expressed hopes that by making life uncertain for the brewers he would bring them to a condition where they would be willing to sell out to the state. In Carlisle he compelled them.

No "red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle" to the fate which was to smite them. When I went back on my sociological pub-crawl, not entirely discouraged by the firm of Guinness, the dismal scene was firmly and apparently permanently set. Its apparent permanence was buttressed by the privately owned pubs on the outskirts of the scheme. It was enough to say that these dirty and squalid hovels brought discredit to the fair name of boozer.

By contrast the state pubs were in such good taste that they were virtually invisible and unrecognizable. One of them I honestly mistook for a municipal library; another was approached by a descending flight of stairs. Where was the Marquis of Granby, the Intrepid Fox, the Bull and Mouth, the Salutation and Pig, all the names of a rich and historic fatuous tradition? Where were the cheerful pub signs? Where, the welcome?

A good English pub (there were many bad) was a sight for sore eyes. It was brightly decorated with mirrors and advertisements. The furnishings were elaborately carved mahogany in excellent Victorian style. There was a brass bar-rail to rest the feet on and most customers preferred to stand at the bar, where English reserve was suspended and it was permissible to remark to a stranger that it was a nice day. This almost libertine informality was the keynote of the English pub, encouraged by the setting, which was ornately cozy, and had nothing to do with the high austere.

The aim of the publican was to create an atmosphere that encouraged the consumption of beer. The aim of the state hirelings who ran the Carlisle pubs was just the opposite: Merit was achieved by sales that were not alcoholic: snacks, soft drinks and so on. This did much to encourage the political clubs. These remarkable working-class institutions are entirely British. Though their ostensible purpose is political, it would be a rash man who mentioned politics within their walls. A Conservative club has a Union Jack somewhere and large photographs of Churchill and the Queen, but commitment ends there. The members go for the beer, the darts and dominos. As the state pubs did not allow darts (after all, you have to stand up to play) the Carlisle clubs prospered exceedingly. One man I know was a member of three, Conservative, Liberal and Labor. He was fond of darts. It would have been rude to ask him about his politics. (Sometimes the accidental party connection can be embarrassing. Patrick Gordon Walker who fought Smethwick as an impassioned enemy of racial discrimination had his headquarters in the Labor club, which had a colored bar—as nearly all Labor clubs do.)



"I'm sorry, sir,
but I think you've had enough."

THE WORK of a public-house manager in Carlisle is less exacting than it is elsewhere. The personal qualities in a host that encourage drinking are scarcer than the qualities that do the opposite. The managers I met were sadly lacking in bonhomie. They looked as if they would have done reasonably well in the funeral business. With only one kind of beer to sell in all the state pubs, it was possible to charge less, but now the state system is running into financial difficulties. I found that the customers were more resigned than resentful. Very few of them can remember the days when pubs were homely.

It goes without saying that Labor MPs are strongly hostile to the proposed sale and are freely alleging that the brewers are being rewarded for their contributions to the party funds. Their cultivated outrage is not echoed outside Parliament.

In spite of the apostolic fervor of its propagandists, teetotalism has always been a minority cause, even among Dissenters. Queen Victoria shared many of the Dissenters' reactions but she was violently opposed to teetotalism, consenting to have one cleric promoted to a deanery only if he promised to stop advocating the pernicious heresy. Her own beverage at the dinner table was a tumbler half-filled with claret and topped up with whisky, a concoction that startled Gladstone.

The brewers are able to look after themselves. When Lloyd George was thrown out of power his downfall was largely organized by Younger. F. E. Smith (Lord Birkenhead) contemptuously said the captain had been dismissed by the cabinboy. F. E. Smith is now a footnote in history, but the majestic flood of beer sweeps on. There is a Younger in the present ministry (he is my MP) helping to dismantle the state pub system. No doubt, the private-enterprise pub will be expensively "modern," with fluorescent lighting and chromium and nauseatingly contemporary furnishings. But at least it will be possible to put my foot on the rail and my elbow on the bar, and the blasted steelworks will be off the wall. □

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ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Letter from the Continent

POPULATION EXPLOSION?

AMERICANS always talk and write and worry about the population explosion. Europeans, on the other hand, are beginning to think they need more people. They have become skeptical of population projections and the various theories of "overpopulation." They don't understand the concern of Americans—whose country is underpopulated by their standards. For example, the Netherlands has nearly one thousand people per square mile and has to import foreign labor. The state of Pennsylvania has 250 people per square mile.

The Netherlands is an interesting case in point. Immediately after World War II a combination of fear of another war and of "overpopulation" gave rise to a propaganda campaign advocating emigration. The Dutch went by the thousands to Canada, Australia, and even to South Africa and New Zealand. By the late 1950s it became evident that a valuable sector of the population had been lost and that foreign labor would have to be imported. So now there are Spaniards, Italians, Croats, Serbs and even Turks in the Netherlands.

The most glaring proof of underpopulation in Europe is West Germany. Hitler claimed that Germany was viciously overcrowded and needed a greater *Lebensraum* (living space). The argument seemed well-founded and was confirmed by a best seller with an enormous impact, Hans Grimm's *Volk ohne Raum*.

After the collapse of the Third Reich, when no less than twelve million refugees came to Western Germany, it was again "evident to everybody" that the Federal Republic would crumble under this load. Its population soon equaled that of Germany before World War I—*on less than half its territory*. Everybody (including myself, I have to admit) prophesied permanent unemployment of frightening proportions and an even worse alimentary problem. East Germany, with a (slowly declining) population of only seventeen million, seemed to be in a more "favorable" situation. It had only four hundred as against Free Germany's 606 persons per square mile. Yet both Germanies need more hands. In addition to the influx of refugees, nearly two million foreign workers immigrated to West Germany. Masses of South Europeans, of Turks, North Africans and even some Central Africans and East Asians have flooded Germany as well as the Netherlands, Luxembourg, Belgium, France, Switzerland, Scandinavia and even England.

Southern Europe is also beginning to feel the pinch. The Spaniards are now creating centers for their 3.5 million people scattered all over Europe to take care of them culturally, socially and spiritually. Spain likes her citizens to work abroad, to acquire skills (to be put in the service of their rapidly growing economy someday) and to send foreign currency to Spain, but some industrialists are less happy about this human export. Moroccans and Algerians, who used to go to France, are now making appearances in Spain.

Southern Italy probably still has reserves, but the north Italian barrel has been scraped absolutely dry. In certain professions even Europe's deepest south lacks personnel with the requisite skills. There are not enough South Europeans in northern Europe to fill all the vacant positions there. Two years ago I tried in vain to find a hotel room near the railroad station in Düsseldorf and finally landed in a very nice, large and modern hotel downtown where the entire staff—except the room clerk—was Japanese. And should you have the misfortune to become ill, you will be surprised at the number of nurses from India, Ceylon, Indonesia and various nations in Africa working in hospitals.

Of all the countries, Switzerland is probably the worst hit. A referendum on the subject was held there, the motion being that the number of resident foreigners should be radically restricted; at present more than 10 per cent of the total population and nearly 20 per cent of the labor force are foreigners and this, naturally, changes the character of the country. The motion was defeated by a relatively small margin and even the initiators agreed that hospital and health service personnel must be excepted. With the exception of doctors nearly 90 per cent of hospital staffs are alien.

There is another aspect to the overpopulation mania. It is a fact that, for a variety of reasons, the birthrate in North America (and, up to a point, in Europe) would decline naturally. It is declining far more than is being admitted in Eastern Europe and especially in the Soviet Union where the press has stressed this point. Today we find Europe's lowest birthrate, not in Sweden where it used to be, but in Hungary and East Germany. The "new mentality," the whole way of life in these enslaved countries, is simply not conducive to the rearing of large families.

HOWEVER, we have to think of the prospect of Western Civilization as a whole. The only people hell-bent on limiting population are the "white" nations, the only ones, with the exception of the Latin America, who can compete with Asia (outside of Japan, which now has to import Korean labor). One might point out that the larger part of Latin America has *racially* a non-Western, non-white character. The final outcome of the population contest between the Western and the non-Western world might indeed have decisive historical effects. We can already observe today in many countries a real defiance in the face of Western birth-control propaganda. This resistance is due to nationalism as well as the fact that some nations and races consider large families a matter of pride.

Un enfant vaut mille piastres says a well-known French-Canadian proverb. A miscalculation? Not entirely. What might finally happen is simply this: The Western world from Australia and North America to Europe and Siberia might be totally out-numbered, perhaps even outproduced and finally crushed. This is a potential development quite independent from ideological issues. History is inexorable, pitiless and cruel. □

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FRANK S. MEYER

Principles and Heresies

THE RHETORIC OF PHASE II

CONSTITUTIONAL and representative government is possible only when reasonable clarity and honesty of language makes clear and honest leadership possible. As Richard Weaver has brilliantly shown in *The Ethics of Rhetoric*, distortion of the public language, the public rhetoric, of a society perverts the ethics of its leadership and erodes the foundations of free and ordered government. When words are used not to draw from principled grounds the reasons for, and effects of, a proposed action, but to distort and conceal those reasons and effects, because of the hidden motivations of leaders, then leadership becomes demagogy and democracy is on the road to dictatorial tyranny.

The fullest modern development of this tendency is the practice of the twentieth-century totalitarianisms, a practice which was delineated and satirized with fiendish precision by George Orwell in *1984*, to such good effect that the word "Orwellian" has entered the language as a description of this type of rhetoric.

The earlier stages of this degeneration of public discourse—what we might call the proto-Orwellian—have long been observable as the common coin of much of what is said and written by the liberal leadership. Conservatives have for twenty years been pointing out the resultant contradictions, confusions and distortions of this liberal proto-Orwellian language. But as one of the responsibilities of conservatism is to defend the tradition, of which the maintenance of standards of public discourse is an essential aspect, so that responsibility must be exercised without fear or favor and not merely in a narrowly partisan way. Whether the wells are muddied by our liberal opponents or by those with whom we have been allied, an overwhelming duty exists to maintain the conditions of a free constitutional society—in this case, to maintain the necessary standards of public discourse.

For some time now Mr. Nixon's political language has tended in a direction unfortunately reminiscent of too many of his recent predecessors. This tendency was strongly and unhappily confirmed by his recent television address launching Phase II of his New Economic Policy. My criticism applies both to the general form and impact of the rhetoric in which the speech was couched and to a number of its component details. The general impression given, and obviously meant to be given, was that the motivations and principled reasons for the program were to buttress the foundations of the free-enterprise system, to protect and extend competition and free economic activity at home and free trade abroad. The program itself, however, leads patently to governmental control of the economy at home and to a discouragement of international trade and the encouragement of autarchical national economies in the world.

Let us examine some of the details of the statement. Precisely and exactly as controls, unexampled except in case of a major war, are imposed upon the economy, Mr. Nixon speaks of the year ahead as one "in which the American competitive spirit is reborn." Again and again he stresses the "voluntary" character of the program. He speaks of "voluntary cooperation from business and labor" or of "the good faith and voluntary cooperation of the American people to make this program work," describing a program which is to be backed by governmental power to "not let any selfish interest escape the fair enforcement of the law."

WE HAVE HEARD this before and from much less savory sources: You are perfectly free to do what you want as long as you do what we want you to do. And from the same sources, the justificatory maxim of the social planner, the social engineer, the statist—in Mr. Nixon's version: "What is best for all of us is best for each of us." Such a general maxim can excuse almost any measure destructive of a free society.

A parallel rhetoric imbues Mr. Nixon's discussion of his international economic policy. A protectionist policy—the import surcharge and unilateral devaluation—is defended not for what it is but as its opposite, free trade: "It is a healthy development that the world has come to understand that America believes in free trade as long as it is fair trade." What has been unfair about previous conditions of trade is left unclear. Presumably it means that other nations, not having imitated us in massive inflationary deficits, encouraging 30 and 40 per cent wage increases, are in a position to compete to our disadvantage. But then it is one of the advantages of free trade to discipline a nation against such excesses. Nixon's measures are designed to shield those excesses, a normal aim of protectionism. But just as controls (which will not stop inflation when its basic causes remain) are not conducive to free enterprise, so these international measures of protection are not conducive to free trade.

SO ALSO Mr. Nixon, having thrown into chaos the monetary system under which the world has prospered for 25 years, says: "I am glad to report substantial progress in our campaign to create a new monetary stability and to bring a new fairness to world trade." There was much to be criticized in the Bretton Woods system, but, despite its weaknesses, it has encouraged continuing and expanding international trade in a period of unexampled prosperity. No doubt the time was ripe for improvement in that system, but Mr. Nixon's unilateral measures have not improved it, but shattered it. Those measures, taken, as I have said, to avoid the discipline of the international market upon our government's feckless inflationary policies, have created a situation in which the world is fast moving to the autarchy and chaos of pre-World War II days. As Roosevelt's scuttling of the London Economic Conference set off the worldwide depression of the Thirties, the recent American international economic measures threaten to do the same for the Seventies.

It is a dangerous program of economic statism and protectionism that is being presented to us with a rhetoric of free enterprise and free trade. □

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BOOKS

Belisarius in Khaki

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

MacArthur
Edited by Lawrence S. Wittner
Prentice-Hall, 149 pp., $5.95 cloth; $2.45 paper

Count Belisarius was a gifted, gallant commander. Princely and magnetic, he pulled the chestnuts out of the fire for Byzantium time and again. Justinian, a devious schemer of an emperor, used Belisarius but always resented him. Thanks to the Count, the Vandals were crushed in Africa, Rome was liberated from the Goths, and the Huns were turned back from an attack on Byzantium. A grateful people made a hero of Belisarius; a jealous emperor heaped disgrace on him repeatedly—always after the danger had passed.

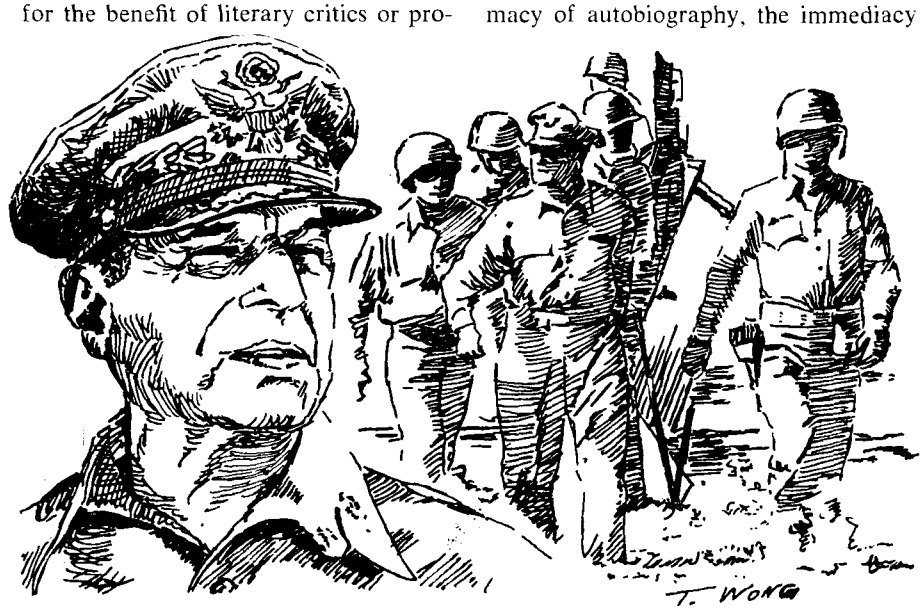
In our times, Douglas MacArthur, a first-rate commander, suffered much the same fate at the hands of second-rate politicians. Little men on the Left always found him a tempting target. He was everything they feared and everything they despised—aristocratic, a hard-line anti-Communist, outspokenly religious, a career soldier with a popular following, and dangerously articulate. As a result, MacArthur had hordes of enemies in the press and government (especially in our very Byzantine Department of State) sniping at him from behind the lines during most of his career.

In the end, these political irregulars proved more formidable than the Kaiser's Germans, the Mikado's Japanese, and Chairman Mao's Chinese and North Korean playmates. But even in technical disgrace, MacArthur's popularity was such that his dismissal was a major factor in the Republican sweep of 1952, though the General himself gained nothing by it—except, perhaps, a few private chuckles.

IRONICALLY, considering his role in the Pacific, there was a great deal of the Samurai in Douglas MacArthur. With Charles de Gaulle, he was one of the West's few twentieth-century soldier/mystics. Both of them were men for whom the career of arms and the notion of patriotism took on almost religious proportions. Their roots were deep in another age, and their lives were governed by a sterner, clearer code than many of the younger men they dealt with. It gave their actions added thrust. In this respect, MacArthur also resembles Churchill. The two of them were Victorians with a vengeance, and their prose reflects this as well as their actions.

Both were grown men before the turn of the century, and only their remarkable vitality and a genius for dramatic leadership prevented them from sitting out the great events of the Forties and Fifties on some obscure retired list. Both could be pompous, their speech convoluted and overly ornate—but both had more than a touch of the poet. They spoke and wrote for effect, not for the benefit of literary critics or professors, and there is no denying the effect that their speeches had on their intended audiences. Hardened political hacks wept openly after Douglas MacArthur's "Old Soldier" address to the Congress in 1951, and the gaunt but unbent figure of the 82-year-old veteran delivered the famous "Duty, Honor, Country" speech entirely extempore to a deeply moved West Point Class of '62—a class that has since had ample opportunity to test its devotion to these three values under trying conditions. Many feel that this, his last major public utterance, is the best summary of MacArthur's ideals and character.

CERTAINLY, it is superior to the picture that emerges from Professor Wittner's brief and biased compilation of MacArthur's words and those of his contemporary friends and foes, latest publication in the Prentice-Hall "Great Lives Observed" series. According to its publishers, the series "combines the intimacy of autobiography, the immediacy



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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: Philip Roth moves from Portnoy to *Tricky*, a new novel about a White House inhabitant described by Random House, the publisher, as a "self-pronounced legal whiz and peaceloving 'Quaker'—and somehow President of the United States of America." Look for big sales. First printing: fifty thousand. . . . Hermann Hesse's *Autobiographical Writings* are translated by Denver Lindley (Farrar, $8.95). . . . Americans tuning up for revolution occupy R. Serge Denisoff in *Great Day Coming: Folk Music and the American Left* (Illinois, $7.50).

Macmillan, publishing *A W. E. B. Du-Bois Reader*, identifies the author as "perhaps the greatest black man who ever lived" ($7.95; paper, $1.95). The same publisher invites us to a good old-fashioned family songfest with *The Liberated Woman's Song Book*, featuring 65 of your favorites including "Free at Last!" and "I Never Will Marry." Assembled by Jerry Silverman. No *castrato*, he ($6.95; paper, $3.95). . . . *Riding the Storm, 1956-59* is the fourth volume of Harold Macmillan's memoirs (Harper, $15). . . . Henry Miller found the right publisher for *My Life and Times*, Playboy Press ($17.95).

Volume III of the official biography of *Winston Churchill* covers 1914-16, finds Martin Gilbert completing the work begun by the late Randolph (Houghton, $12.50). . . . *Rabbit Redux* is John Updike's sequel to *Rabbit, Run* (Knopf, $6.95). . . . Herman Wouk's *The Winds of War* is a novel set in the early years of World War II (Little, Brown, $10).

LBJ reviews his Presidency in *The Vantage Point*. Book is long overdue. Lyndon kept rewriting and putting off the awful moment when he finally let go of the manuscript (Holt, $12.50). . . . Roland Huntford looks bleakly at Sweden's welfare state in *The New Totalitarians* (Stein & Day, $10). . . . W. H. Auden's *Academic Graffiti* is a collection of clerihews (Random House, $5). From the same publisher, *The Arnheiter Affair* ($7.95) by *Times*man Neil Sheehan—the case *NR* readers learned about first via James Jackson Kilpatrick's "'He Might Have Been Another Halsey,'" March 26, 1968.

■ MORE CHRISTMAS BOOKS: *The Wyeths: Letters of N. C. Wyeth* spans forty years, is illustrated (Gambit, $15). . . . *Cole* is a collection of Porter lyrics, photos and memorabilia, with a biographical essay by Brendan Gill (Holt, $25). . . . William Gaunt's *The Great Century of British Painting* is a survey from Hogarth to Turner, richly illustrated (Praeger, $20). . . . Viking is touting *Irish Houses and Castles* by Desmond Guinness and William Ryan as the first illustrated book of its kind in half a century ($30).

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of eye-witness observation, and the objectivity of modern scholarship." Would that it were so. In *MacArthur*, Vassar Professor Wittner does include some favorable material on the least faded of America's old soldiers, but his introduction gives him away. Witness a few random examples:

When New Yorkers in their thousands enthusiastically greet MacArthur after his recall in 1951, it is not a ticker-tape parade, but "an orgy of delight" in which 16.6 million pounds of "litter" befoul the City sidewalks. Before the streets have been swept clean of this reactionary residue, Professor Wittner reassures us that "even this tidal wave of MacArthur sentiment failed to *topple the American government* and sweep the General into power." The italics are mine; the insinuation of some sort of sinister plot to undermine the Constitution is entirely Professor Wittner's.

THERE ARE ALSO some more personal low blows. In a twelve-page introductory summary of MacArthur's eventful life, Wittner manages to spend considerable time doting on the General's close relationship with his mother—a woman as domineering as (but more benign than) Jennie Churchill or, for that matter, FDR's maternal battleaxe. "Amateur psychoanalysts may one day find much of interest in this relationship," smirks Wittner, pointing out that Mrs. MacArthur "kept Douglas' brown hair in curls and dressed him in skirts until he was eight years old." There follows a double-edged compliment: "Although Douglas developed a normal interest in girls, his first marriage ended in divorce." So much for the "objectivity of modern scholarship," but, in case any doubts linger, bear in mind that the last selection in this slender volume happens to be an unsubtle hatchet job by Louis Morton entitled "Egotist in Uniform."

Still, no amount of bias can completely obscure the achievements of perhaps the greatest American military man of this century. An occasional sunbeam slips through the cracks in Professor Wittner's manuscript. Heroic young division commander in World War I; reform-minded commandant of West Point; vigorous champion of defense preparedness in the face of left-wing pacifists and right-wing isolationists between the wars; perhaps the most respected American ever to serve in the mercurial Philippines; hero of the Pacific theater during World War II; architect of modern Japan; and a folk hero who evoked more emotional support among average Americans than almost any fighting man in our history—these are things that no amount of sneering can wholly obscure.

PERSONALLY, I like some of the lesser aspects of the man just as well. He was a gentleman in an age of slobs; a talented showman who had a real sense of history, and the ability to muster it, along with tradition and sentiment, behind well thought-out positions. He gave the Army a hero it could really call its own in an antimilitary age (men like Marshall and Eisenhower, though admirable in their ways, were never really soldiers' soldiers), and he had a quiet, ironic sense of humor, though this seldom came out in public. My favorite example of this goes back to 1951 and an episode described by John Gunther. Ike and MacArthur were meeting at Tokyo while both men were being prominently mentioned as potential Presidential nominees. "With much emphasis and elaboration" Eisenhower said that he did not think any military man should be President of the United States. "His sincerity was manifest," Gunther wrote at the time.

Manifest to Gunther, perhaps. MacArthur seems to have seen things more clearly. After hearing out his former aide's disclaimer, MacArthur winked at him and replied, "That's the way to play it, Ike." And Ike played it all the way to two terms in the White House, expressing his reservations with equal earnestness through eight years in office. Douglas MacArthur may have been a little pompous at times, but he knew his apples. □

Theodore Sturgeon *has won both this year's Nebula and Hugo science-fiction awards for his novelette* Slow Sculpture. . . . **John R. Coyne Jr.** *has moved from the* NR *staff to teaching in the Mass Communications Department of Arizona State University.* . . . **Michael S. Gazzaniga** *is Professor of Psychology at NYU.*

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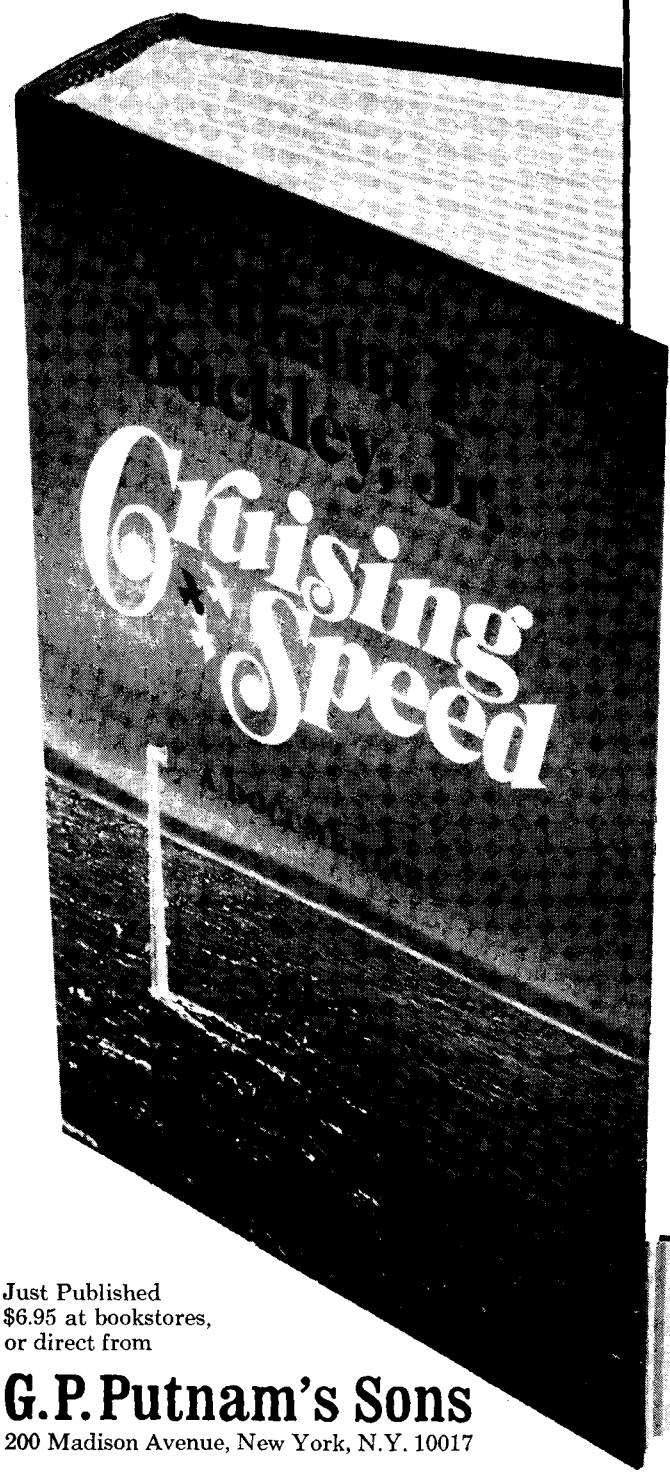
Catch a ride on Bill Buckley's Life



"I caught a ride on William Buckley's life and the experience did a number of things besides take my breath away. *Cruising Speed* gives more than a taste of that experience. The book is a record of the events, letters, people and ideas that occupied Buckley through one week last November. *Cruising Speed* gives more than that, too—more than a documentary closeness to a week in Buckley's life. It's a *tour de force*, but not an easy one; chatty, but not shallow. Without contrivance, Buckley manages among the gossip to find the bases of his thinking.

"**Cruising Speed** ends on a rare, tantalizing note of Buckley self-doubt. This final candor is a gift within the larger gift, something we probably won't see again until the letters start appearing, or the full-dress autobiography.

"And make no mistake about *Cruising Speed* itself being a gift. In his ideal world Buckley would be asked only for analyses and judgments, and yet what editors want from him now is himself, which he has to struggle to give. But give it he does here, as the result of a realization, conscious or not, and transcending arrogance, that his life exhibits a range and depth and gusto of the kind we associate with simpler, cleaner centuries; and that this age needs to know that."

—DAVID BUTLER,
Assoc. Editor of **Playboy,**
in **The Chicago Daily News**

Just Published
$6.95 at bookstores,
or direct from

G.P. Putnam's Sons
200 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

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IL Y AVAIT UNE FOIS, about a dozen years ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers. Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody*. Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And Lo these many years we have asked our readers to do us this favor: to rrriiippp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!

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SCIENCE FICTION

The Universe Makers
By Donald A. Wollheim
Harper, 122 pp., $4.95

Science Fiction: What it's all about
By Sam J. Lundwall
Ace, 256 pp., 95¢

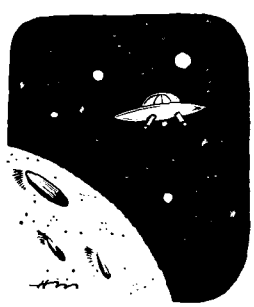
Clarion
Edited by Robin Scott Wilson
Signet, 239 pp., 95¢

BOOKS ABOUT IT

THEODORE STURGEON

Donald A. Wollheim is Ace Books' science-fiction editor—its only sf editor, if I have hold of the right rumor, brilliant young Terry Carr having left—and is a man whose credentials go back many years. It was he who edited the very first sf paperback (for Pocket Books) in 1943. My copy of it has so much nostalgia it glows in the dark, with its "Our Boys need and deserve books" rubric, and "HELP WIN THE WAR! Don't waste *anything*" . . . and the acknowledgement for H. G. Wells' "In the Abyss": "Reprinted by courtesy of the author," and of course its lovely table of contents. Now he gives us *The Universe Makers*, a short history of sf, its substance, its personnel, and a good deal of opinion as to what it all means.

What it means to Mr. Wollheim is pretty overwhelming. Sf is not only his favorite literature and his life's work (for he is a highly competent author and has one of the longest editorial records in the business) but it is, in addition, the savior of mankind and the most potent assurance of his future. Doggedly optimistic, Wollheim truly believes that "this is a science-fiction world and the writings of this field have clearly shaped the world of today." (He has the grace to add "—for better or worse.") His overriding conviction is a genuinely devout *I am the Way and the Life*, the "I," of course, being sf, not Wollheim. And therefore he wants it pure. He says it consists "of endless charts of the paths open to triumphant mankind," and flays those practitioners who desire to have serious consideration by serious critics:



> All very normal desires. All very admirable. Overlooking the various economic and publishing politics that determine what gets reviewed and what does not, and what gets book-clubbed and what does not, the best way to attain these objectives would be to give up writing what you want to write—science fiction—and write what you think the little group of "name" reviewers will praise. The fact that these writers do not take this course is evidence either that they are incapable of it or else that they really are as hooked on sf as all of us and wouldn't be at home outside the field. I think the latter is the reality.

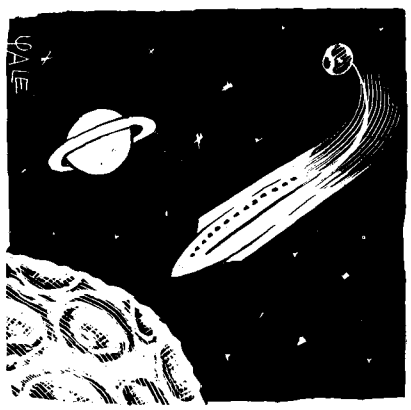
Purism tends always to produce simplism, and one must question the universality of Wollheim's "reality." I can cite more than one renowned sf writer who, when he genuinely "wants to write" general fiction, is told bluntly by publishers that what they want from him is more sf. And it is arguable whether or not sf writers as a class are incapable of writing best sellers. It is a grave error to place qualitative measurements on best-sellerism; Metalious and Robbins and Susann have never had to bear the indictment of writing well, while the extraordinary craftsmanship of Zelazny and Ballard and Russ languishes unseen. One critic, angry at finding a couple of mainstream short stories in a sf writer's collection, suggested that such an affront be avoided by the author's publishing them under a pseudonym.

I know a writer who tried that with a mainstream novel. His publisher refused even to consider the idea. The only way any of the few top sf writers could possibly crash this barrier would be to do it in elaborate secrecy, so that not only the public, but the publisher, wouldn't know it was done by the graduate of *Galaxy* or *Analog*. And meanwhile people who have seldom or never appeared in the sf press—Chrichton, Nabokov (I refer to *Ada*), Shute, Alvin Greenberg, Caidin and countless others, produce sf (much of it old hat in the field before 1945) and sell it in the mainstream to hugely appreciative readers and audiences who "never read science fiction."

But perhaps I carp; Wollheim here has touched one of my pushbuttons. His book is informative and most readable, and is an interesting, withal subjective, philosophic overview—his own phrase —of the field, what it is, how it happened, and who did and is doing it.

And in addition, Wollheim has done a very gracious thing: he has contributed a warm and lucent foreword to *Science Fiction: What it's all about*, by Sam J. Lundwall.

Lundwall appears to be a truly extraordinary young man. A Swede, under thirty, he rose from the ranks of fandom (a phenomenon quite unlike the camp-following of anything or anyone else in the world) and published one of



the fan magazines. In 1964 he published a comprehensive bibliography of science fiction and fantasy in the Swedish language, which he enlarged through a third edition. Involved with the government-run Radio Sweden, he wrote, produced and directed radio and television programs and plays, acted as a pop disc jockey, and made a mark as a composer and performer of folk music. He is now editor of a new line of paperback sf for a Stockholm firm, running primarily to translations but also taking original novels. After Lundwall and a camera crew delivered a documentary on a British science-fiction convention, Radio Sweden commissioned him to write a book on the subject, which he did; and having done so, responded to the urges of Wollheim and others to translate, revise, update and enlarge the work for readers of English.

It would take a sharper eye than mine to find traces of a Swedish accent in this amazing work. It makes fascinating reading, and will, I think, prove so even for those who "never read science fiction"—those quotes are there because of my reiterated conviction that anyone nowadays who says that is just *wrong*! Anyway, Lundwall gives us a brief history of sf, going back to Lucian. (Personally, I give it another near-millennium, for I sense it clearly in Ezekiel's narrative, the time he saw that flying saucer.)

With admirable scholarship and more

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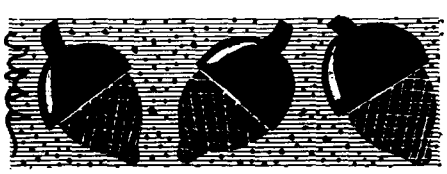
than a little wit ("The Monster and the Mad Scientist are half-brothers, and go privately under the name of Boris Karloff."), Lundwall illuminates all the tiles in the mosaic of sf—books and magazines, radio, television, the movies, the comics and the unprecedented activities of the fans, and what emerges is the overall design of sf in world culture—as an expression, a force, as a symptom. It is not in itself the architect of our thought and our future, as Wollheim seems to indicate, nor is it a genre, like mysteries and Westerns, for these have their parameters imposed upon them by their own conventions, while sf is characterized by its pressures outward, its constant attack on horizons, its varying but ceaseless effort, not to live within limits, but to grow out of them. This is why science fiction, like poetry, is living literature; and if some of it is the life of the slime-mold, the sandbox and the simmering paranoid, it is also life as expressed in *proving*—I used the word in its most basic, or "proving-ground" sense—our politics, our ambition, our limitations, and the meanings of our loving and building and reparation, as well as the chromed and ugly facts of our technology.

SF IS UNDERGOING a new explosion, and nothing exemplifies it better than a little book called *Clarion*, in which professor and sf author Robin Scott Wilson describes one of the new phenomena of the field—the college semi-



nar. There have been courses and workshops before, but only recently have so many been formalized into the kind of thing initiated by Wilson at little Clarion College in Pennsylvania. Here a score of would-be and sometime sf writers were taken apart and put together again by Wilson and a staff of visiting professionals, most of whom seem to have come to teach and stayed to learn.

They learned, judging by their own statements, that the strictures of past performance in the field are there to be abraded and severed, and that the voracious appetite of these young people for work is beyond any expectation any of them had. They try, they fail, often magnificently; they bleed and get up again. There is a beautiful vitality even in the worst of the stories in the book, and in the best of them, a kind of intuitive deftness, a polish to be encountered anywhere else in literature only in the work of highly gifted, long-seasoned writers. I draw attention particularly to a brief story called "The Inspector," by Evelyn Lief, in which this beginning (two years) writer sets a scene, gives you characters you have to believe in, and then proceeds to shift among past, present and future, realism and surrealism, with an easy-as-breathing style sufficient to make any hardened pro break his typewriter over his knee. These people have something to say, and they are ready to use any means—any at all—to say it, and they just don't seem to give a damn if Mommy sees it.

Between and among the examples of this new fiction, *Clarion* gives us articles by the staff and the visiting gurus—Samuel R. Delany, Harlan Ellison, Damon Knight, Fritz Leiber, Frederik Pohl, Joanna Russ and Kate Wilhelm, discussing Clarion and sf and speculation and writing and writers. I especially recommend Miss Russ' discussion of the term "genre"—a fine piece of analytical thinking.

That we are in a new era is exemplified, not only in this book, but throughout the field, in the new books and issues of the magazines. The sexual revolution has struck sf as it has everywhere else, but in a most interesting way, for although it has its share of dirty-minded sensationalists, it strikes me that there is a much smaller proportion of this sort of thing in sf than anywhere else. Taken as a group (usually a mindless thing to do; but anyway . . .), sf writers, whether barefoot tyros at Clarion or hard-honed pros in their third and fourth decades in speculative fiction, seem to have accepted the new freedoms with restraint and common sense, and almost always, when you find explicit sex or startling epithets once seen only on fences, you will have to concede they are in the fiction the way science is in the fiction—as an absolutely necessary adjunct to what is being said. That is, after all, the ultimate test and the only way to define the almost indefinable field: if you take factor *x* out of the narrative, and the narrative then falls apart, factor *x* is necessary.

I consider all three of these books very well worth your time, and of the three, *Clarion* the most valuable book yet written about science fiction. □

The Beat Generation
By Bruce Cook
Scribner, 248 pp., $6.95

COOPTING KEROUAC

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

Bruce Cook, book-review editor for the *National Observer*, is a competent practitioner, and when he writes about books his prose is interesting and professional. But when he applies views distilled from the literature at hand to sociopolitical matters he is a bit less than brilliant.

The core of this book consists of a series of interviews with Beat writers, chief among them Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs, Gregory Corso and Gary Snyder. Cook's diligence in taping the interviews was admirable ("Oh goddamn it," you can almost hear Kerouac moan, "here comes another creep with a tape recorder") and the discussion of the works of each interviewee is informative. Had he left it at that, this would be a valuable book for students of American literature, just a cut above, because of Cook's enthusiastic personal involvement, the *Partisan Review* interviews.

But he didn't leave it at that. Like many literary critics trained in the academy, Cook felt it necessary to impose a thesis on his collection, and by forcing the material to validate the thesis, Cook's points too often seem strained and overstated. The thesis is the familiar one—the Beats were the forebears of the Hippies and the New Leftists. On the surface it's an attractive thesis, and as long as Cook talks to Seymour Krim, who will admit to anything to see his name in print, or to Allen Ginsberg, who will undergo any ideological contortion necessary to keep his public position out on the vanguard of the vanguard, it holds up. But when Cook attempts to explain Kerouac, the creator of the Beat movement and its central figure, the whole thing collapses. You cannot, after all, explain the Romantic movement with a theory that excludes Wordsworth.

Kerouac, both in real life and in his books, flatly refutes Cook's thesis. The characters in *On the Road*, Kerouac has pointed out, in no way resemble members of the Hippie-New Left generation. Kerouac's characters wanted neither to

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retreat from life nor to change it; rather, they wanted to drop out of small restrictive conforming communities and experience all aspects of American life as they existed rather than as they should exist. Kerouac ended by eschewing drugs because they shut out the world; the new culture wants that world shut out. Kerouac's approach to life was outgoing. The new approach is in-turning, and nothing would have driven Kerouac up the wall faster than the suggestion that he could find happiness in a commune. It was the commune from which he was trying to escape.

Cook understands all this on one level: "There is something a little too easy, perhaps, in associating the Beat protest with left radicalism, as so many have done. For a number of good reasons that was the direction that it took. But what the movement was, essentially, was apolitical —a last-ditch stand for individualism and against conformity. That, anyhow, was how Jack Kerouac saw it, and he was present at the creation."

This just doesn't satisfy Cook, however, for it doesn't fit his thesis, and so a few lines later he warns us that "it would be a mistake to take Kerouac's political opinions very seriously," as seriously, one assumes, as we should take the political opinions of Allen Ginsberg.

The problem here, of course, is the old left-liberal reflex syndrome, complicated in this case by the thesis of Cook's book. Kerouac *must* have been a leftist. For one thing, all those kids are leftist, and they're direct descendants of Kerouac. And for another, all intelligent creative people are leftists. And so, when Kerouac puts it bluntly to him, he refuses to understand. "Listen," Kerouac tells him, "my politics haven't changed, and *I* haven't changed; I'm solidly behind Bill Buckley, if you want to know. Nothing I wrote in my books—*nothing* —could be seen as basically in disagreement with this. Everybody just assumed I thought the way *they* wanted me to think. What really bothered me a lot, though, was the way a certain cadre of leftists among the so-called Beats took over my mantle and twisted my thoughts to suit their own purpose."

But Cook just isn't listening, and later when he talks to Burroughs, he continues to worry around the idea of Kerouac's politics. Says Burroughs: "His father was a real old French peasant antisemite, Catholic rightist, and Jack got a lot of his basic attitudes from him. And his mother! Talk about your peasant types!" Cook responds: "It's remarkable, isn't it, a writer coming from a background like that?"

A remarkable observation, coming as it does from a man part of whose job it is to be familiar with the backgrounds that writers come from. But taken in the context of contemporary liberalism, based as it is on an elitist view of the world, understandable. And it's certainly convenient, for it allows Cook to separate the man from his work. Kerouac's life and attitudes just don't support the central thesis. But the books, if not read very carefully, can be made to do so. A good critic, after all, can make a book say anything he wants it to. And so, the problem is ended, the thesis saved.

Almost. But not quite, for Cook is as concerned with personal as he is with literary influences, and his inability to come to grips with Kerouac the man makes his thesis highly suspect, for Kerouac the man was every bit as important as Kerouac the writer, and you can never quite satisfactorily expunge his ideas and personality from his books.

DURING THE INTERVIEW, Kerouac, obviously desperate to make Cook hear him, says: "Listen . . . I don't know if you've thought about this much at all, or maybe you've already had your mind made up about me before you even came to talk to me. But anyhow, one thing I wanted to say—I want to make this very clear. I mean, here I am, a guy who was a railroad brakeman, and a cowboy, and a football player—just a lot of things ordinary guys do. And I wasn't trying to create any kind of new consciousness or anything like that. We didn't have a whole lot of heavy abstract thoughts. We were just a bunch of guys who were out trying to get laid."

Many of us who knew Kerouac and other Beat writers would agree that this statement would have given Cook his only valid thesis, had he been able to hear and understand it. □

Beyond Freedom and Dignity
By B. F. Skinner
Knopf, 225 pp., $6.95

THE TAUTOLOGY OF B. F. SKINNER

MICHAEL S. GAZZANIGA

B. F. Skinner is a man of many talents. He is a superb writer, a brilliant polemicist, a clever inventor and a trained scientist. He is also a philosopher manqué and an incredible egotist. Skinner asserts behavioral science has found *x*, *y* and *z* to be true, thereby making it imperative we change our society to conform to these newly discovered truths. In fact, science has found nothing of the sort. There is not a single major life scientist who takes his philosophical ideas seriously, a point that is somehow lost in popular discussions of his work.

In his latest book, *Beyond Freedom and Dignity*, he has given us a systematic presentation of his views of society and man which argues that man is a simple product of his environment—of external controls. Consequently, he now urges us to abolish our idea of personal and moral responsibility and yield to the simple laws of reward and punishment. While he has described a very small aspect of human behavior, he ignores literally hundreds of problems that won't fit into his model. Yet, he steadfastly refuses to acknowledge this—and the more he refuses, the more famous and influential he becomes.

He tells us in this book (all his books tell the same story) that all of our actions are to be explained as a function of the environmental contingencies we experience. The organism is at the complete mercy of the environment. If we do more of something it is because we are rewarded for it: if we do less of something, it is because the environment has punished that behavior. Thus, free will is an illusion which he feels we should abandon—'fess up to our mechanical nature and plan our environment accordingly.

He generated his scheme some thirty years ago in a little read but ingenious book called *The Behavior of Organisms*. It was written in part as a reaction to Pavlov and his simplistic idea that all responses are conditioned to

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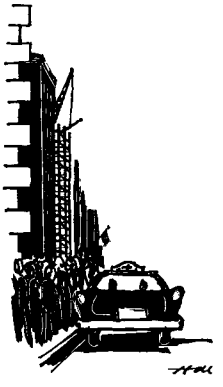
particular stimuli. Skinner's notion was different in that he viewed rewards as increasing the probability of a particular pre-existing response. That is, the responses of an organism are naturally there, he felt, and rewarding or punishing events in the environment increased or decreased response probability. Out of this grew his pivotal (to him) and outrageously tautological definition of what is a reinforcer, namely, "it is anything that increases the probability of a response."

And that is the total basis of his world-view. If happiness is wanted, reward it with whatever works. He spent thirty years giving this scientific respectability by showing the effects of reward schedules on pigeon and rat behavior. He also kept busy writing polemics, such as *Walden Two*, and influencing easily influenced colleagues and naïve environmentalists. One can see why he wants a completely controlled society. Since we are the products of reward, let's arrange them intelligently and live happier, more orderly lives. He is prepared to have government experts organize our rewards to this end. He is, in short, formally urging us toward fascism with all the respectability of a laboratory scientist.

But a mountain of experimental data urges that man is infinitely more complex than Skinner would care to think. It is not even necessary to look at the vast amount of biological data (e.g., identical twins reared apart yet behaving the same when adults), but to consider only behavioral data. His definition of what is a reinforcer is what is at stake. Again, something is reinforcing if it increases the probability of a response. That is a tautology. It does not and can not have predictive value, which from the start disqualifies it as science. Science is not concerned with *post hoc* analysis of events.



A wide variety of research has shown that in choice behavior, when a person is free or has the illusion of making a free decision, his subsequent behavior is quite different from when he doesn't have a choice. Or, it has been shown that when a person is mildly shocked, his resolve to complete a task is increased, not decreased as Skinner would have us believe. Or, take verbal behavior. When Skinner tried to apply his ideas to that one, it was a complete fiasco. Another everyday example is smoking. He would argue that a smoker who desired to stop smoking (response) should remove the cigarettes (reward) from his sight, reach etc. With this trick, the response of smoking ought to decrease. In fact, in order to be able to stop smoking, it is usually necessary for the cigarettes to be freely available, thereby allowing a choice. The smoker who stops smoking in the absence of cigarettes instantly reverts to smoking in the presence of cigarettes. Lastly, a *reductio ad absurdum*. Recently, four South Vietnamese veterans burned themselves to death in Saigon. What is the reward for that response?

No one denies reinforcement is an important controlling influence on our behavior. Skinner is correct to say we could order our society a little more logically than we do. But to extend the limited benefits of the obvious to a new world-view that eliminates concepts such as free will is both pretentious and incredibly naïve.

ACTUALLY the mechanistic views of Skinner are slack in comparison to the tight mechanistic notions of most brain researchers. Yet, Professor Donald MacKay has shown that a completely mechanistic view of brain function still leaves us with what he has called a "logical indeterminancy." In his Eddington Lecture at Cambridge in 1967 MacKay lays out his argument. Briefly, he shows that mechanistic brain theory itself generates a particular state of affairs that leaves us, you and me, morally responsible for our actions. His logical demonstration revolves around the physical consequences (change in brain states) of holding a belief: " . . . no completely detailed present or future description of a man's brain can be equally accurate whether the man believes it or not. a) It may be accurate *before* he believes it and then it would automatically be rendered out of date by the brain changes produced by his believing it; or b) it might be possible to arrange that the brain changes produced by his believing it would bring his brain into the state it describes, in which case it must be inaccurate unless he believes it, so he would not be in error to *disbelieve* it."

Yet Skinner prevails, and why is that? Among other things he has a simple idea that is easily grasped, and simple ideas, no matter how erroneous, always win out over more complex ones. Also he came on with the air of science. "This is the way it is," he says. People hear the words "rewards" or "reinforcement" or "contingencies" and they are awed. And, believe it or not, many are surprised to realize that indeed rewards are powerful in shaping behavior. They seem to pay Skinner back for his insight by believing his whole story. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE HARDHAT'S BEDTIME STORY BOOK, *by Al Capp (Harper, 120 pp., $3.95).* In a way, Al Capp is the H. L. Mencken of our time. Both were regarded as brilliant satirists, great social commentators etc., so long as their targets were those officially approved by the liberals. However, when the climate of the times changed so that the excesses and stupidities of the Left came within their field of fire, both Capp and Mencken became Unpersons, consigned to outer darkness as literary lepers. While Mencken is really dead, Capp has been pretty much buried as well, insofar as the Establishment is concerned—and *The Hardhat's Bedtime Story Book* is a good example why. It is a collection of essays and short pieces, showing, as the author says, "what a treasure trove the Left is for sanctimonious stumblebums and benign balmies." The satire, in keeping with the nature of the subject, ranges from breezy lampoon to portraits etched in sulfuric acid. Welfare mothers, the concerned clergy, Teddy Kennedy, Lindsay, David Frost and many more go tumbling into that unique mixmaster which is Capp's sense of humor and emerge the worse for it. Occasionally, perhaps understandably, the pieces are spattered with cloves of bitterness, in addition to bits of overkill here and there, but in general *The Hardhat's Bedtime Story Book* is a funny, biting work. Incidentally, in switching from comic strips to the typewriter, Capp has not lost his Dickensian gift for names (William F. Fowlemouth, the actress Jane Porna and the Reverend Utter Chaos come immediately to mind). With this book, Capp again proves his expertise at turning both bum steers and sacred cows into chopped meat. A word of warning: Since *The HBSB* is a very pungent smörgasbord, it's best to sample it piecemeal, a few essays at a time.

J. D. KIRWAN

DIPLOMATS AND DEMAGOGUES, *by Spruille Braden (Arlington, 496 pages, $12.50).* In this very fascinating autobiography, Spruille Braden recounts his experiences, thoughts and lessons learned from careers in mining, the State Department and finally volunteer work in New York. A dash-

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ing tale of family fortunes made and lost, he destroys enduring myths of American investors as robber barons and cruel exploiters of less developed countries. Braden's extensive business experience in the cities and mountains of Latin America prepared him well for his subsequent diplomatic career there. The only slow part of the book is his detailed treatment of a long peace conference in which he played the major role. Braden complains of the lack of time to think in the State Department and was the first to suggest that ambassadors-designate be given substantive briefings rather than a round of pre-departure cocktail parties. He cites specific instances of dictators of the Right and Left working together, but neglects to mention the false dichotomy implicit in those terms. The narrative is spiced by its uninhibited comments, such as its description of Nelson Rockefeller, who ". . . lacked in knowledge [but] made up in eager willingness to squander the taxpayer's money on harebrained schemes."

D. B. DUVAL

BLACK RESISTANCE BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR, *edited by William F. Cheek (Glencoe, 161 pp. $2.95)*. Professor Cheek, another of those riding the interminable black-studies wave, has clipped together a pile of readings of widely differing value and palmed the whole off on college teachers to inflict on their huddled students yearning to be Aware. The subject of this book is important: the previously largely ignored record of Negro insurgency during slavery. Unfortunately, Mr. Cheek is slap-dash, contentious and not infrequently wrong, given to milking a host of current fashions —antiwhite sentiments, indiscriminate negrophilia, hate-Americanism, among them —to pass off his cheap-shots as "scholarship." Mr. Cheek's 35-page introductory essay is a badly written apologia for any excesses of antebellum Negro savagery because, of course, the fact of slavery made any such excess excusable—to Mr. Cheek, at any rate. Some of the book's essays, poems, songs and manifestos are of considerable interest, but there too Mr. Cheek's cloying introductions detract from them. In his section on Nat Turner's rebellion, Mr. Cheek more than cloys: he positively vulgarizes, managing, under the guise of scholarship, to bolster the gross charges against William Styron's *Confessions of Nat Turner* while pretending to report what has been "alleged" and "charged" and so on. Mr. Cheek's fury, however, is patently obvious. When attacking Styron, he writes that the "views [used by Styron], now seriously questioned by scholars [sic], are not geared to enhance the pride, dignity, and self-respect so valued by the black power movement. . . ." Perhaps Mr. Cheek should ask himself whether those are truly the proper functions of novelists, or of history professors.

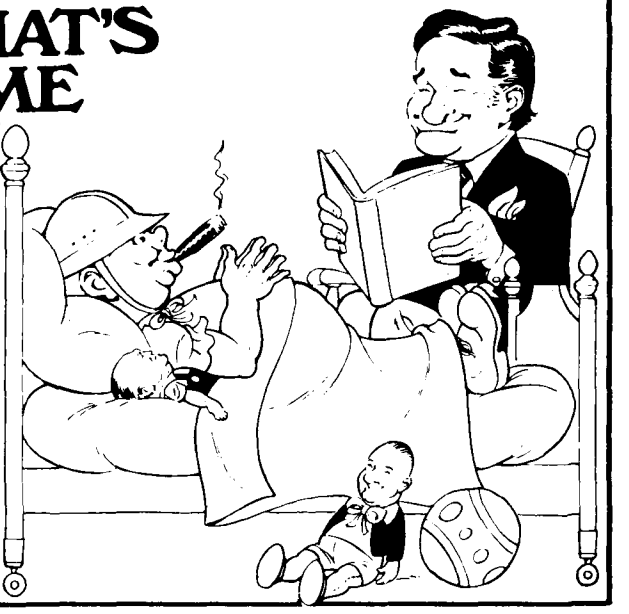
D. J. C. BRUDNOY

AL CAPP

rips into SDS, the LSD culture, Senators Kennedy and McGovern, Jane Fonda, and educational TV in a satiric survey of the liberal establishment that Barry Goldwater calls "the funniest thing I ever picked up."

THE HARDHAT'S BEDTIME STORY BOOK

$3.95 at your bookseller



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Arts & Manners

FILM

DAVID BRUDNOY

Erotogenesis of Religion

History's replete with episodes showing the correspondence of widespread religious excess and sexual extremism. Theodore Schroeder, the major proponent of the unsettling theory that sex ecstacy is the origin of religious passion, was not alone in seeing such eighteenth- and nineteenth-century figures as Mathias the "Prophet," Mother Ann Lee, the founder of Shakerism, Christian Science's Mary Baker Eddy, the Mormons, and demented sorts like the American mystic Ida Craddock and the Swiss "Wildisbuch Crucified Saint," as latter-day examples of religio-sexual behavior more commonly found in earlier times.

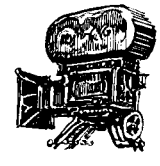
Among modern studies tending to support the erotogenetic theory is Aldous Huxley's account of witch-hunting in seventeenth-century France, upon which Ken Russell (of *Women in Love*, *The Music Lovers* and other splashy films) has based his new, almost unbearably sadistic *The Devils*. The true story concerns one Father Grandier, a libertine priest who functioned both as spiritual leader (and defender) of the walled city of Loudun and as the object of many unrequited and nearly as many requited love affairs with local maidens. Loudun's fortifications posed a threat to the kingly hegemony which Cardinal Richelieu made it his business to advance. On testimony of the hunchbacked young superior of Loudun's order of nuns, Sister Jeanne, who desired Grandier and hysterically resented his antinomian marriage (at which he himself officiated) to a girl who had first considered entering the nunnery, the sensual priest was tried for witchcraft, broken and burned alive at the stake. The fabricated charge against Grandier was diabolical possession; the real cause was Richelieu's plot to tear down Loudun's walls and lay open the city to royal control.

Grandier's hideous death and the dramatic events preceding it would have made a startling piece had Schroeder come across the evidence. Mutatis mutandis, only a movie (or television)—or *Playboy*—reaches the masses in 1971. So it is Russell who, *faute de mieux*, has offered it to the world, creating a stunning, undeniably chilling film, cast with prim, holy young nuns suddenly gone berserk with fear; leering burghers; an epicene, bedecked Louis XIII in thrall to Richelieu; various tormentors; and especially, lovely Vanessa Redgrave as Jeanne and Oliver Reed as Grandier. The sets are grossly unhistorical but symbolically effective. The music, sometimes deafening, sometimes suggestive of leftovers from that "Ken Russell Magic Orgy Show" which his cumulative *oeuvre* in retrospect resembles, nevertheless jibes with the movie's manic tone.

The Devils overstates, overkills, over-awes. All those shaven-head nunlets lolling on the ground with their tongues dancing about, when Louis announces that they're in the presence of a Sacred Relic of Christ's blood, resemble nothing so much as Rudi Gernreich models on a bad trip. Richelieu, wheeled here and there on a neat little vertical cart while orchestrating Loudun's destruction, immediately evokes the thought of Rolf Hochhuth's fanciful Pius XII as restaged by Andy Warhol for the Guerrilla Theater.

Sister Jeanne is a hunchback, granted, but inching around the convent, her head permanently tilted, her face alternately reflecting quivering craving for Grandier and tormented recollection of Christ's Passion, she comes off more as an extra in some Living Theater fiasco than as a woman driven by sexual frustration to religious madness, which, after all, is what happened and what Ken Russell should have tried hard to recreate. And as the roasting Grandier blisters, boils, suppurates, all the while shouting to his fellow townsfolk that they've sealed their city's doom, and the walls come tumbling down, the image is not so much of *Götterdämmerung* as of a last, unwritten Wagnerian *Gesamtkunstswerk* conceived for a Bayreuth Festival to end them all. What was called for was a smaller scale, suitable for an intensive probing of this nauseating instance of man's superstition; what emerged is frenzied Hollywooden-headed extravaganza. *The Devils* has its moments, and its thesis is not inconceivable, but the film is more pyrotechnics than thought-provoking.

NOTABLE: *The Panic in Needle Park* powerfully, honestly tells of heroin and the youths who get hooked on it. This isn't just another kiddieflick; the ads are off-putting but the experience of seeing it is shattering, eye-opening to anyone, I suppose, but an addict who's lived it himself. ¶*Fortune and Men's Eyes* overstates, but I'm told not by much, the brutality of prison life, that is, the sexual blackmail and rapine of prison life. ¶Avoidable: *The Marriage of a Young Stockbroker* stars Richard Benjamin sing-songing his *Diary of a Mad Housewife*-husband once again, causing wife Joanna Shimkus to climb the walls. Wifey has a sister, Elizabeth Ashley no less, who so very much wants to *help*, so of course she has wifey leave hubby to Get Away For Awhile. Sister's hubby, Adam West, can't get away in the Batmobile, but he'd like to. Meanwhile, hubby feels his oats, and you couldn't even *guess* what he comes to decide about himself and his estranged wife, nor could you ever imagine where he goes and who he confronts and how it all turns out. Here's a hint: Remember *The Graduate*? End of hint. ¶*Cometogether* is a dreadful sexploitation flick masquerading as a sociologese documentary. Sex Is Here To Stay, *Cometogether* babbles. *Cometogether* is packing them in like sardines. ¶*Bless the Beasts and*



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Children: Really cute adolescents at an Arizona dude camp; even cuter bison; *much* cuter relationship. ◐*Johnny Got His Gun*: War Is Hell. Written by Dalton Trumbo. Enough said. □

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Castles in Belgium

For me, the fascination of castles (castle-type castles, I mean, with courtyards and turrets and moats and dungeons) lies in the fact that they represent neatly enclosed, complete little worlds. Give me one such castle and I immediately start playing house in it, putting the women in this keep and the retainers in that hall, not to mention deciding on the most auspicious spots from which to pour boiling oil on the enemy without. (Oil is more expensive, but it stays hot longer than water.) Manor-house or palace-type castles, on the other hand, bring out the more *kulturni* side in me, since I also like to identify myself with the splendid, luxurious and lascivious goings on that took place (or so one hopes) in those gilded salons, those mirrored halls, those canopied bedrooms.

Thus, I had a great deal of fun in Belgium this summer since Belgium is full of castles of all kinds. There are about 66 that you can look at (with a very few, only the gardens are open to visitors). The Belgian Tourist Bureau, 589 Fifth Avenue, New York City, has folders with hours, directions etc. Here are a few that I liked especially.

The ruined castle at Bouillon, deep in the Ardennes in the southernmost part of Belgium, a region of steep hills and rocks, romantic forests and meandering rivers, has overlooked the town from an unscalable cliff for over a thousand years and withstood seventeen sieges. Outside, it doesn't look so antique because some three hundred years ago Vauban, Louis XIV's great military architect, revamped it for modern warfare. But once you're inside you are back in the time when feudalism was alive and well. The castle is a fortress, with no civilian accomodations—courtyard after courtyard connected by low narrow passages easily held against intruders, traps in the floors, secret passages, a deep well and a chapel. Godfrey of Bouillon, in 1097, took off from here as leader of the First Crusade to conquer Jerusalem. To finance the trip, Godfrey mortgaged his whole duchy and castle to the Prince-Bishop of Liège whose successors held on to it for the next six hundred years, to their advantage, since its strategic position controls the whole long corridor which was the best route from the Low Countries to France.

The next castle is Spontin, which is also feudal but in perfect shape so that you can live in it, as people do. As a matter of fact, Spontin isn't all that feudal since it is a piece of medieval architecture adapted elegantly, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, to the Renaissance. It is not far from Namur, in the Meuse region which I think is one of the most fascinating in Belgium, visually (river with steep banks) and culturally (the show that the New York Metropolitan Museum put on a few years ago, called "The Year 1200," consisted mainly of objets d'art from the region). Spontin, in a suitable manner, sits on a square islet in the river Bocq, in hilly countryside. It has four extremely satisfactory round towers, a fortified gatehouse behind which the drawbridge with counterweights and balances still functions, an elegant Cour d'honneur, brick walls, suitable Gothic and Renaissance rooms, some with nineteenth-century Gothic décor and delightful gardens bathed by the river.

Beloeil, in the Hainaut not far from Mons, is the Versailles of Belgium. I like it better than Versailles, the size of which I find profoundly depressing. Beloeil is a most elegant palace, which has been owned—and been lived in—by the Princes de Ligne since the thirteenth century, and the Princes de Ligne have always been most elegant princes, with a very nice taste in interior decoration on a princely, the best-money-can-buy scale, as you can see when you wander through salon after salon. In the little "salon de la Grande Catherine" (Catherine the Great of Russia) you can admire the trifles brought back from Russia by the famous Ligne Fieldmarshal, in another there are souvenirs of Marie Antoinette, and in yet another chamber you wonder why Madame de Pompadour had to have no less than four black lacquered desks with chinoiseries (but then, she was a lady who liked nice things and lots of them). And so on, past portraits and tapestries, laces and bibelots and all that makes a home into a museum. The park of Beloeil surely must be one of the most beautiful in Europe. The great pile of the house sits in water, and looks out over vast expanses of more water with grandes vues leading to groups of Neptune surrounded by Aeolus and Amphitrite and Sea Horses. There is a formal French garden, with green outdoor rooms created by hornbeam hedges and canals, and shadowed by overhanging trees; and an English one with rare trees and artificial ponds. As at Versailles, the vistas stretch into infinity. It seems amazing that such splendor could be created in perfectly flat country.

Attre, about forty miles southwest of Brussels, is an eighteenth-century dwelling that has come to us unchanged, with all the furnishings, the décors, the bibelots just as they emerged from the hands of their masters. It was built in 1752 by the Emperor Joseph II chamberlain; indeed, Attre has royal memories because the Grandduchess Maria-

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Christine, Marie-Antoinette's sister, liked to play shepherdess there, an amusement that ran in the family. The façade is incredibly elegant and harmonious, a play of white walls and grey basement and dark grey slate roof—all the luminosity of Louis XV architecture. Inside, apart from the boiseries, the ivories, the furniture, the porcelain, there are remarkable wallpapers. At a time when painted papers were still rare in Europe, the seigneurs of Attre had their walls hung with brilliantly painted rice papers and Chinese silks. The romantic park is still as it was laid out, with a cairn and grottos, and a delicious bathing pavilion with delicate little pink marble columns on the banks of the river Dendre—such elegance! □

TRIBULATIONS

ANDY DRUBDOVI

Fold! Spindle! Mutilate!

Not so much that I *needed* the new bed as that I deserved it, I thought, as a reward for undertaking the move of all my worldly goods across the street after four years in an undersized flat. So, as we do in Boston, I walked downtown to the Great Department Store, one of those We Won't Be Undersold-type Great Department Stores, and ordered a new box-spring, mattress and frame. That was August 1970, a month before I moved across the street.

Then I contemplated my finances—I was a graduate student bogged down in the last stages of churning out a PhD dissertation, teaching part time, living humbly—and decided that a necktie would do as my present to myself. Done, said I, and then called the GDS, canceled the box-spring and mattress and said, "But deliver the frame anyhow."

September 1 came and I moved. Everyone in Boston who moves, moves on September 1, and only on September 1. John Winthrop's Puritans moved on September 1; Cotton and even Increase Mather moved on September 1; John and Abigail Adams moved on September 1; Henry Cabot Lodge the elder and Calvin Coolidge and all the Kennedys even unto Teddy moved on September 1. The GDS came September 1, bringing the new furniture including the bedframe, but not, bless them, the box-spring and mattress. And I, aided by various altruistic friends who had said, "Need any help moving?," moved my 900,000-volume library across the street. All was well. And I rested the next day.

In due course came my bill. Among the items I noticed $66 for one-third box-spring and mattress. (I always do it on the thirty-sixty-ninety-day plan, assuming that if I should die meanwhile, my heirs will have something to do other than weep; that is, pay off my department store bills.) "This item was canceled, not delivered; hence I've deducted the $66 from the bill. Thank you. A. Drubdovi," I wrote on the bill when I paid it, minus $66.

November's and December's bills each added $66 in the "previous balance" column. I paid the bills, each time minus the $66, each time with a pleasant note. January 1971 bill came. Guess. So I called the GDS, which Won't Be Undersold, and my Account Manager told me: "Just pay the $66, then the computer can deal with the item as a return, and you'll get your money listed as credit on the next bill." My mother told me to trust the corner policeman and Account Managers at Great Department Stores. So I did. Then my troubles began.

FEBRUARY and March came and went, but no credit for one-third box-spring and mattress. I began putting petulant notes on my bills when paying them. Finally, one "M. Ross," of "Customer Service," wrote and asked What the Matter Was. I called back, and after several false starts, located M. Ross. (Customer Servants do not have first names, I discovered.) M. heard out my tale and said something like, "My my, Mr. Drubdovi, how silly of you to pay that $66. Why ever did you do it? I never would have. I'm quitting tomorrow, as it happens, but I'll see that everything is straightened out."

But nothing happened. I wrote again and called again. More Customer Servants (M. having departed) and Account Managers without first names wrote and called me, and I them, throughout the spring. No action, but a hell of a lot of calls and letters. Finally, I reasoned, maybe if I don't pay $66 again, they'll do something. But I owed only $3.95 for socks as of April. So I jogged down and began buying things: toothpaste and toothbrushes (my father the dentist would have twirled on his drill to see what I was up to), shirts, neckties, anything—records, even, of rock groups I'd never heard. And lo, by June, my bill was huge. Excitedly I paid it, minus $66, with a long, polite but firm, detailed but weary letter explaining all.

THEN CAME July, and July's bill, with (I thought) a rather uppity computer-typed note of warning. I persisted, however, and purchased like mad throughout the summer; creams to make my beard stand up better when shaving, salves to soothe me after shaving, more records (I now own a complete rock record collection), and more, much more, enough, *I mean enough* so that each bill was over $66, and I paid each minus $66, and began writing eighteenth-century-type letters to the computer. The bills grew nastier, the computer-typed messages threatening dire consequences, one even canceling my charge account. I paid no heed, however, and went on charging.

Now the frost is on the pumpkin, fourteen months after I ordered and then un-ordered a box-spring and mattress. I have given up calling; I've given up writing messages. I don't know what to do. Patricia Kennedy, my counseloress on all things mechanical and traumatic, tells me that the way to deal with Great Department Stores is to march right down, demand to see Someone In Authority, then stamp feet, pull hair (one's own), shriek and dissolve into tears. But I told her that to dissolve into tears before Someone In Authority over $66 was unmanly, than which, of course, being a conservative, I'd rather be anything else.

How long can this go on? Is my credit rating shot? Should I pay the "overdue" amount and chalk it up to stupidity? Should I attempt to steal $66 worth of something and pay the $66 still forlornly listed in the previous balance column? Patricia tells me that for a small fee, if I'd like, she'll happily MTA right down and dissolve into tears for me. For like about a $66 small fee, I suppose. □

Nika Hazelton *is just back from Europe, where she bought herself a castle of sorts: A Tuscan farm-house, "run down," as she puts it; soon to be restored. . . .* **Andy Drubdovi** *studies political science at a large Eastern university. This is his first appearance in* NR.

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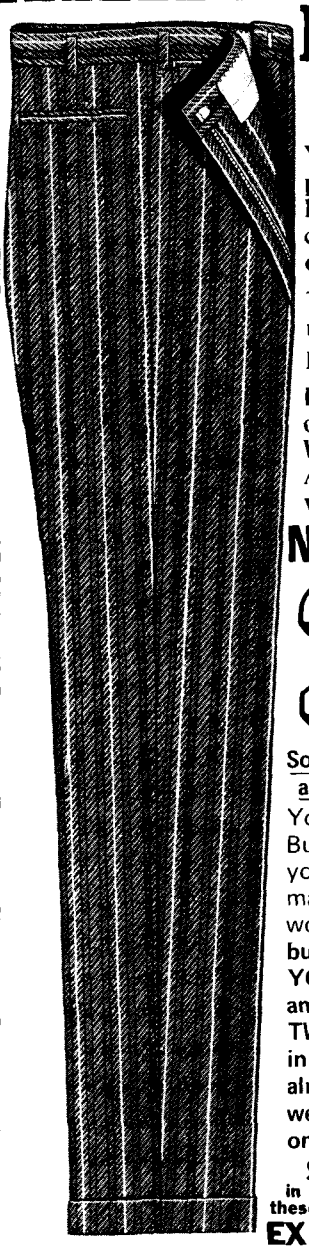
CHAMBERLAIN

(Continued from page 1226)

ignored on television. The New Left itself has cause for complaint; TV reporting has been unable to distinguish between the crazies of the radical movement and those who follow articulate leaders such as Paul Goodman for reasons of genuine philosophical conviction. In short, the really big trouble with the TV networks is that they have had no journalistic imagination whatsoever.

As for Miss Efron herself, the FCC would do well if it were to hire her to monitor the application of the Fairness Doctrine. Heaven knows that she is impartial. Her own position on the Vietnam war differs radically from that of LBJ or Richard Nixon: She wouldn't have sent a single U.S. soldier to South Vietnam as long as we were following a policy of "building bridges" with Communist countries in Eastern Europe. She was once married to a Haitian, which means that her views on "race" can hardly be called troglodytic right wing. She doesn't approve giving subsidies to industry, which would put her at odds with Richard Nixon on the recent Lockheed deal. She comes from a radical New York City background: In her teens she listened to her Uncle Joshua Kunitz, the Communist poet and editor, proclaim the glories of the Soviet Union around the house. She broke with the Communists at Barnard College for aesthetic reasons; she couldn't stand the prose in their literature. I knew her at the Columbia School of Journalism in the early Forties; she was not "ideological" then, only skeptical of all systems. She had been accused of getting her libertarianism from Ayn Rand; actually, she became an anti-statist in Haiti, where she saw from close up what a little application of capital plus "sweat equity" could do if government would only let the enterpriser alone.

If a girl who does not exactly love the Nixon Administration could produce such a completely fair study, the networks should give her the utmost respect. But they've already gone into battle, hiring sociologists from Harvard and such to pick on little errors and try thus to discourage her thesis. Even so, the TV handling of the 1972 election will be entirely different. The networks will know that someone, somewhere, is recording what is said on the prime-time programs and has an adding machine ready for the tell-tale count. □



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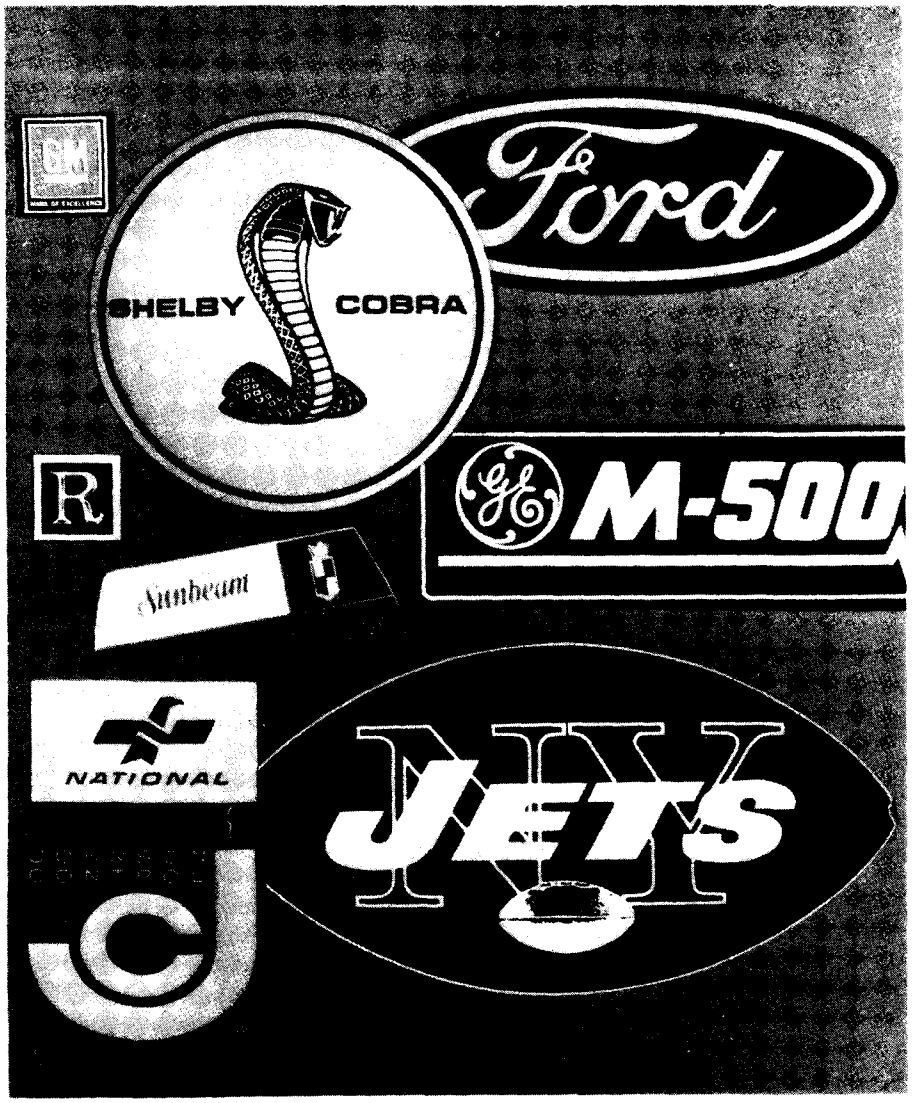

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 1210)

forces in Northern Ireland. The problem existed for four hundred years before the present British liberals attained their current influence. Furthermore, the problem will continue to exist after the liberals discover a more fashionable crusade, unless the root of the problem is resolved.

Baldwin, N.Y. PATRICK J. CONNOLLY

Chinese Americans

In your September 24 issue ["The Week"], you say ". . . a fight broke out between two factions of Chinese-American spectators [at a baseball game], those born in Taiwan and those born in Mainland China." In fact, it was a confrontation between a small group of Nationalist elements and the rest of the Chinese audience. A great many people born in Taiwan do not in fact favor the Nationalist Chinese government.

As I see it, the Chinese society in America is going to be split three ways —into a Nationalist group, a pro-Communist group and an anti-Communist (but not necessarily pro-Nationalist) group. The small Nationalist group is not expected to be as active as it used to be, largely because of Mr. Nixon's new approach to Red China.

The pro-Communist group, including a large segment of second-generation and third-generation American youth influenced by the New Left in colleges, is going to gain followers continuously, because of the recent switch from hard-sell tactics to smiling ping-pong diplomacy.

However, the majority of Chinese in America are anti-Communist, and even those among them who are not really pro-Chiang will not become pro-Communist, because they know—many of them through their own personal experience—what Chinese Communists really are.

New York, N.Y. SHERMAN CHEN

Prophet of the Century

These prophetic ping-pong references seem to be popping up everywhere. Shortly after reading Wayne Valis' letter calling attention to J. D. Kirwan's remark about "cultural exchange missions being ping-ponged across the Iron Curtain" ["Letters," Sept. 10], I ran across an instance of even more remarkable prescience in G. K. Chesterton's *Saint Thomas Acquinas*: "I know that the word [optimism] is now even more degraded in the twentieth century than it was in the nineteenth century. Men talked lately of being Optimists about the issue of War; they talk now of being Optimists about the revival of Trade; they may talk tomorrow of being Optimists about the International Ping-Pong Tournament."

Though regrettably NATIONAL REVIEW was not around in Chesterton's day, I am sure that if it had been, Chesterton would have written for it, so it seems only fair,

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without in any way detracting from the designation of J. D. Kirwan as "Prophet of the Year," to accord Chesterton the title of "Prophet of the Century." He knew that fantasy is often as true as fact.
Piscataway, N.J. DOUGLAS STERNER

Goa: An Addendum

Suzanne Labin's account of her journey to Goa ["Goa, End of the Line," July 13] fascinated me and impressed me with its accuracy. I found it very sad that Jack Bergamini and Dave Winter ["Letters," Sept. 10] couldn't also see how true the article was.

I was on the hashish trail for some months in 1966. At that time, hash was virtually unknown in this country, and LSD was a quite new drug—at least in colleges. I was a student at Princeton from 1962 till 1965 (also 1967-1968, when I graduated). I began to smoke pot my freshman year. Leary's dictum "Turn on, tune in, drop out," I accepted as true. So my girl and I started the journey to India on January 2, 1966. Resentment about the closeness and sterility of American life, as expressed in American journals or on American air waves, seemed to me so much bourgeois moralizing, the delusive sighs of the imprisoned, wherewith they comforted one another.

We had a harrowing and difficult journey to India: once there, after more difficulties, including police problems over changing money, we made our way to Katmandu, in Nepal. There we found a hippie community of about thirty people living fly-by-night in a dormitory above the Globe Restaurant or more established in rented rooms and apartments. My girl and I obtained the top two floors of a house for $17 a month a few blocks from the Blue Tibetan Restaurant.

So far as I was concerned, hash smoking was serious business, and I began to turn on every waking hour. I suppose I used about eight grams a day, together with other drugs available in the local pharmacies. The "small dry cough" of which Mme. Labin writes triggered my memory of the small rooms with mud floors, the candlelight, the quiet Nepali night (there were practically no cars—about twenty in a city of a hundred thousand), and the devout labor of inhaling *charas* smoke. We used small clay pipes called *chiloms*, which the user holds in his cupped hands and inhales from—you don't suck, as you would on a cigarette; you inhale as if you were taking a deep breath from some type of respirator. The quantity of smoke that can be got in this way is remarkable.

We had no running water, only a clay pot filled from a pump or from the landlord's faucet downstairs. The bathroom was a hole in the ground in a room about three feet square. Through the loosely made wooden door one could see right out into the street.

The small houses, carved windows, bright sunshine and mountain scenery were beautiful indeed. We could rent bicycles and ride out on narrow paths between fields, past small cottages, shrines, temples. Yet the main attraction for me was the companionship of the other hippies. Like the society in mental hospitals, it offered a climate of few social restraints. No one had much property or reputation to protect and defend. It is hardly possible to find this kind of freedom in normal society.

At the same time, we were living in the comparative luxury that Western currencies make possible in the East, once you're out of the international areas (airports, hotels and so on).

The price I paid for these experiences, and some later ones with acid, belladonna and DMT, was the practical destruction of my life. May Jesus grant you mercy to avoid this fate, or snatch you from it if you're there. Please read Psalm 116.
Philadelphia, Pa. JOHN S. MASON

Burning Witches?

Please, Dennis Fagan! No witches were *burned* in Salem, Massachusetts ["(An, All Things Considered, Not, Realistically Speaking, Immodest Proposal)," Oct. 8]. They were *hanged* on Gallows Hill, in North Salem. In fact, to the best of my knowledge, no witches were ever executed by fire on this continent. (But the article was much fun anyway.)
Chatham, N.J. IRENE PAYNE

Ah, but it wasn't Mr. Fagan *who said witches were burned. It was the* liberal *whose thought he was reproducing. Conservatives, of course, know better.* —ED.

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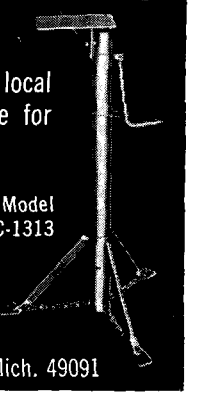

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

Kunstler

New York, Oct. 19—The problem of William Kunstler extends now beyond the bounds of legal propriety. But pause there for a minute.

William Kunstler is a practicing lawyer, and the question before the house is—Ought he to be permitted to practice law? The general assumption is: why not, it's a free country, isn't it? To which the answer is that we are a country that seeks to be free, but in order to achieve that objective, it is required that we enforce certain rules, for instance, thou shalt not murder, thou shalt not steal. In order to enforce those laws, we set up a court system. That system depends, for its effective functioning, on the behavior of people who play a role in it—judge, prosecutor, defense counsel, juror.

You can make an abstract case for permitting anybody to practice medicine provided that person's client knows full well that he is talking to somebody who never went through medical school. Because the transaction affects, alone, the client himself. But where a trial is concerned, the defense attorney is only one of the moving parts. If he orbits about totally out of control, the result is that the coordination necessary to the approximation of justice is simply impossible. That's why there are rules for lawyers. Such rules as William Kunstler, given to contumely in the courtroom, and to the disparagement of judges and indeed of the system, in that acid-rock rhetoric which is his trademark, consistently violates, contributing to chaos in the courtroom.

The reason (the lawyers will tell you this discreetly) that they don't go ahead and disbar him is not because he hasn't violated the canons of the profession, but because they fear to make a martyr out of him. A prudential judgment. The trouble with it is that, widely applied, it is a ticket to immunity. Don't go after the Mafia boss, or you will make him a martyr in the eyes of the Italian community. Don't execute Manson, or you will give rise to a Cult of Manson. Don't exact justice, when the consequences of doing so, carefully weighed, could mean a net worsening of the situation. It doesn't take much imagination to recognize that the results of that line of reasoning include: don't pass civil-rights laws, because that will encourage lawlessness in the South.

William Kunstler should be disbarred, or the canons of legal behavior should be pickled and sent to the Smithsonian as antiquarian relics of another civilization. But I pause now not to consider Kunstler the lawyer, but Kunstler the polemicist.

I have reference to an appearance he made recently at Colgate University. He was in good voice. He spoke about Attica. He told the students that the dead there had been "murdered in cold blood in your name and my name." Cold blood? Why would police murder in cold blood eight of their brothers, who were being held hostage?

They were murdered in cold blood by a "horde of racist state troopers." (Later, at a press conference, Kunstler, to quote the student newspaper, "supported the idea of prisoners taking hostages to accomplish their goals." Kunstler, in other words, urges the violation of the law, the kidnaping of officials and, presumably, their execution if their demands are not met—the term "hostage" having no other meaning.)

About Nelson Rockefeller, Kunstler said that he "deserved to be ruled out of the human race." He called for an indictment of Nelson Rockefeller for murder.

One notes that the rhetoric has become, well, rabid. Rockefeller is a murderer. The state police murderously and intentionally killed not only the prisoners but the guards. All American justice is a travesty. Prisoners should take the law into their own hands. Prisoners should kill guards if their demands are not accepted.

Let madmen be madmen. Eventually the froth turns off the listeners, and the madmen go off to live and sweat in the fever swamps. But I think the time is overdue for sane members of the community, Left and Right, to draw the line. I have not often had good words for Nelson Rockefeller. But out of respect for him, and in protest against the slander of him, I hereby resolve not to share a public platform again with William Kunstler; not until he has shown, by act or deed, the contrition that is appropriate when one assigns evil, murderous, sadistic motives to someone who seeks to do his duty, never mind that he may do it clumsily, or make mistakes. I do not wish Mr. Kunstler to be put in jail, unless that is what the law of criminal libel requires. But I do wish that he should experience the isolation which he has earned from the civilized community. □

TWO WHATS FOR THE SUPREME COURT?

New York, Oct. 14—The humiliation of Richard Poff appears to have had the opposite effect from what some had hoped, even as the humiliation of Haynsworth brought about not the acceptance of Carswell by a sated Senate, but the rejection of him. One smells it in the air. The liberal lobby in the Senate feels not satisfied by Mr. Poff's withdrawal from consideration for the Supreme Court, but emboldened: to ask for more and more. Now one commentator goes so far as to suggest that if the President doesn't come up with two satisfactory candidates between now and the end of this term, perhaps the Senate ought to insist that President Nixon hold up, pending the election a year from now, in order to give the new President a crack at the Court, if there is to be a new President. Concerning all of which, a few observations:

1. The argument that, after all, the Senate would not be doing more, by filling the two vacancies, than the Senate did in 1968 in deference to the forthcoming Presidential contest, is unconvincing. In 1968, what happened was that a series of machinations was undertaken the effect of which would be to give Lyndon Johnson, who had no prospect for re-election having announced that he would not run, the right to name a new Chief Justice. The sudden, collusive resignation of Earl

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Warren followed by the sudden naming of Abe Fortas was just too much. Then, of course, along came scandal, and political restraint fused with probity to abort the appointment, leaving it to Mr. Nixon to make the appointment upon his election.

The existing situation is clearly different, not only because Mr. Nixon intends to run, but because the very idea of keeping 25 per cent of the Supreme Court out of action for over a year (the new President, if there is to be one, couldn't come up with a nominee until 12:05 P.M. January 20, 1973, at the very earliest) is to say the least irresponsible. Add to this that if the Court were to function for an entire year with only seven members, the country would be faced with the possibility of strategically planted ambiguities that could torture jurisprudence over a decade. All the close ones between now and 1973, at which the ruling was 4 to 3, would leave litigants wondering whether, if they could only manage to walk their cases back to the new Court, the 4 to 3 might change as the result of the two new justices siding with the minority.

AND, 2), on the matter of the liberal lobby, the President should surely watch out for what is in prospect. That is, an implicit deal generated by the liberal lobby the terms of which are: we'll permit you one conservative, in return for your nominating one liberal.

The terms are, granted, dangerously used. What the division is, in fact, is between those who desire to make social revolution by odd-ball interpretations of the Constitution, and those others who believe that whatever changes we make, if they are to be made by organic movement of the Republic, should be made by legislation or by constitutional amendment. The Nixon Administration would play into the hands of the legal activists (as they self-servingly call themselves) if it truckled to the arrangement. The President is pledged to the naming of strict constructionists (as they call themselves), in order to permit the country to consolidate during the post-Warren Reconstruction. To permit the other side one candidate, merely in order to get one of his own, would be for Mr. Nixon—very simply—to back off from his pledge to do his best to restore equilibrium to the federal system.

Meaning, 3) that Mr. Nixon is best off by naming two conservatives of impeccable reputation, never mind if they do not come out of the South: never mind (if it comes to that) if one of them is a Democrat. Statesmanship and political toughness are called for, both of which Mr. Nixon is capable of. The sinking feeling in those who cling to Mr. Nixon's promises of better days, if he were to temporize by naming a liberal, would be felt, down to the vitals of Republican morale. A word to the wise is sufficient. □

VOTING AT COLLEGE

New York, Oct. 12 —The television, the other night, focused on student indignation at Normal, Illinois, home of Illinois State University. I remember one young man protesting bitterly against the registrar's refusal to enroll him as a qualified voter. "Do you consider that Normal is your home?" asked CBS. "Yes I do," he replied, with that special emphasis one gives to Big Lies. "Where do you go on holidays, to your parents' house?" asked the interviewer. "Well, yes. But I *visit* with my parents. My *home* is here."

The laws defining residence differ, and it is true that a great deal hangs on what an individual declares his residence to be. Theoretically, you can declare that the corner of 42nd Street and Broadway is your home. But then it is also here and there required that you make your point plausibly, and the new laws that local legislatures are now considering will turn—or should turn—precisely on that point.

For instance, there is the point the lawyers raise by which the sincerity of one man's adoption of a place of residence is judged in tight cases, to wit, is there *animus revertendi*? I.e., is there a subjective intention to return to the residence which you have ostensibly abandoned? If John Jones leaves Eureka Springs to matriculate at Illinois State in Normal, does he intend to return to Eureka Springs after he has completed his education?

And the second question, of course: Does he intend to settle down at Normal? Whereas most students do not take up residence in the town in which they were brought up, the overwhelming majority forsake the town at which they attend college. The protesters' point is that even if Normal, Illinois is considered merely a waystation between Eureka Springs and that happy place where John Jones will eventually settle, shouldn't he have a normal political role at Normal, Illinois?

I should think not. At Madison, Wisconsin last winter, the legislature sat down to consider a bill which says that a student enrolled at the University of Wisconsin will be presumed to have taken residence at Madison only transiently. It is difficult to see wherein that is a repressive piece of legislation. It is preposterous to suppose that the residents of Madison, Wisconsin are going to permit, let alone encourage, an enormous body of students to tinker with the town's laws during the few years that the students are in residence. Participatory democracy does not entitle you to demand of the pilot the right to run the airplane during your flight across country.

NOW, clearly different kinds of protection are needed by different size towns. Boston and New York and Chicago probably could afford to give the vote to their resident students (though they should not feel under any obligation to do so) and simply absorb the damage. But if Hanover, New Hampshire or Williamstown, Massachusetts—for instance—enfranchised the student body, they would very simply be playing Russian roulette. One has only to recall the episodic frenzies of the last few years to recognize the seizures to which students are occasionally given. A vote can be a very decisive instrument, and the idea of giving effective power to ten thousand students who can commit a community to years of indebtedness, or to other social fancies, is, well, unappealing.

This is not to suggest that students are necessarily zany, merely that the idea of democracy is that those who do the voting, should endure the consequences of their own laws.

Again, distinctions can be made on reasonable grounds. For instance, there is a difference between an undergraduate, berthed in a tax-free dormitory, and a married graduate student, living in an apartment or house which is paying taxes to the municipality. There is the tax point, which is itself significant —a voter should be helping in an appropriate way to defray the social costs of running the town. Students are substantially exempted from sharing the tax overhead of towns they temporarily inhabit. Indeed, as for instance in New Haven, there is great ill-will engendered by the refusal of the university (Yale) to pay taxes on such of its buildings as are unrelated to education, e.g., faculty clubs, ice-skating rinks—that kind of thing. In any event, the married student develops ties which are different from the undergraduate—celibate, I almost designated him, lapsing into ancient habits.

Even so, in the history of college towns, individual student bodies are transitory experiences. They should not be given the power of hit-and-run drivers. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Where playthings are sold — 18 38 132 128 23 114 99 45

B. *In or into a house* — 32 116 81 145 182 39 192

C. Profoundness — 40 25 67 117 89

D. An association of Irish peasants formed in 1761 — 75 118 52 129 69 146 155 72 41

E. A mounted messenger — 87 195 141 91 36 119 163 184 131

F. Pygmies, sprites, or goblins, according to the Irish — 94 22 64 92 100 190 84 180 30 54 4

G. Gen. Grant didn't take this route — 147 191 175 124 42 166

H. An English river on which a certain lady might live — 165 27 35 6

I. Slang for money that might be used in certain quarters — 2 37 53 120 13 16 70

J. Dwellings where fighting couples might live — 48 28 138 158 82 60 133 8 162

K. A type of cosmetic — 93 194 10 167 185 134 44 90 170

L. An American Revolutionary patriot (1720-1781) — 71 11 108 95

M. A two word description of Mickey Mantle — 103 197 3 12 122 136 142 173 176 181 188 19

N. Not supervised — 80 14 171 153 59 101 177 148 76

O. A European freshwater fish of the carp family — 9 17 20 56 73

P. Unscramble AYES to get *its synonym* — 107 104 121 96

Q. An ingrowing of a fingernail or toenail — 109 144 135 46 5 97

R. A grocery — 156 77 125 151 105 83 137 61 49

S. Circulated — 187 29 85 160 62 139

T. A city in S. W. New York — 196 174 150 106 154

U. A disillusionment — 68 178 31 63 126 110 183

V. Soldiers detailed to help the cooks — 123 1 7 21 24 26 43 47 74 58 102 179 186

W. Loftiness — 130 115 15 172 189 65 50 86

X. The result — 57 98 51 168 33 157

Y. The pasture — 152 159 193 111 66 88

Z. A poem attributed to Homer — 169 127 78 55 164 161 112

a. A British admiral (1718-1792) — 149 79 113 34 143 140

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1256 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram

	1 V	2 I		3 M	4 F		5 Q	6 H	7 V	8 J	9 O	10 K	11 L	12 M	13 I	14 N	15 W	
16 I	17 O		18 A	19 M	20 O	21 V	22 F		23 A	24 V	25 C		26 V	27 H	28 J	29 S	30 F	31 U
32 B	33 X	34 a		35 H	36 E		37 I	38 A	39 B	40 C	41 D		42 G	43 V	44 K		45 A	46 Q
47 V	48 J	49 R	50 W	51 X	52 D	53 I	54 F	55 Z		56 O	57 X	58 V	59 N	60 J	61 R	62 S	63 U	
64 F	65 W	66 Y	67 C	68 U	69 D		70 I	71 L	72 D		73 O	74 V	75 D		76 N	77 R		78 Z
79 a	80 N		81 B	82 J		83 R	84 F	85 S	86 W	87 E		88 Y	89 C	90 K		91 E	92 F	93 K
	94 F	95 L	96 P	97 Q		98 X	99 A	100F	101N	102V	103M	104P		105R	106T	107P		108L
109Q	110U	111Y	112Z		113a	114A		115W	116B		117C	118D	119E		120I	121P	122M	123V
124G	125R	126U	127Z	128A		129D	130W	131E	132A		133J	134K	135Q		136M	137R	138J	139S
140a		141E	142M	143a		144Q	145B	146D	147G	148N		149a	150T	151R		152Y	153N	154T
	155D	156R		157X	158J	159Y		160S	161Z	162J	163E		164Z	165H	166G	167K		168X
169Z	170K		171N	172W	173M	174T	175G		176M	177N	178U		179V	180F	181M		182B	183U
	184E	185K	186V		187S	188M	189W	190F	191G		192B	193Y	194K	195E		196T	197M	

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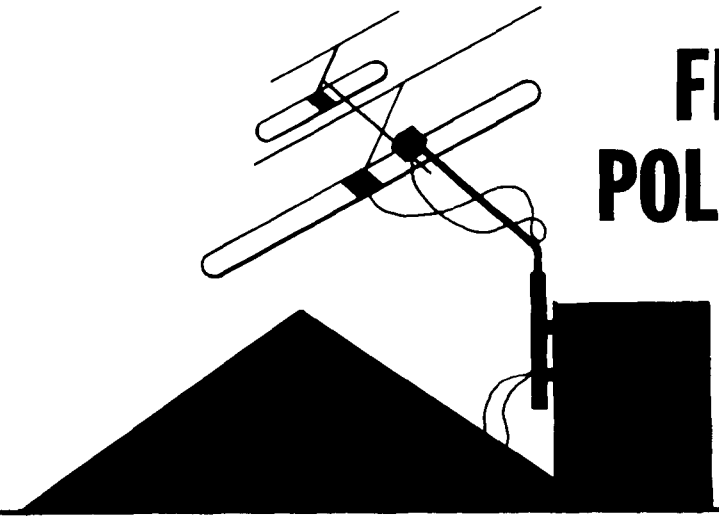

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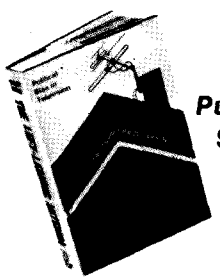

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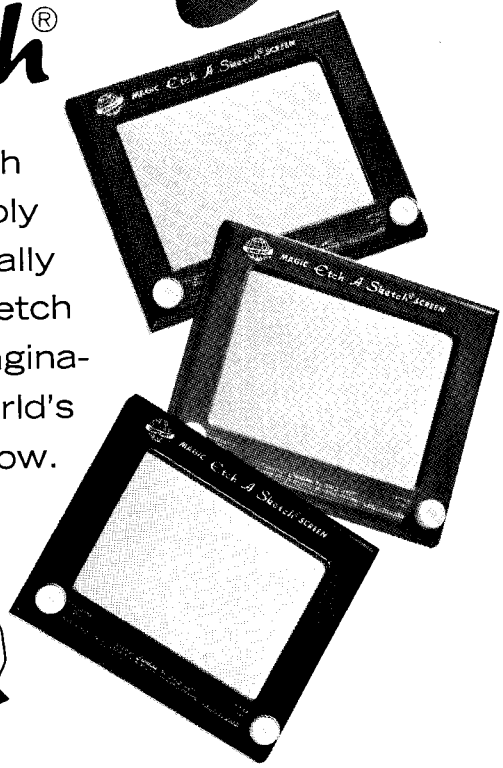

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